

THE POEM OF THE CID

A verse translation by
W. S. MERWIN



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THE CID

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The Poem of the Cid is the national epic of Spain, comparable in prestige and in the type of society depicted with the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, or *Beowulf*, but most closely of all with *The Song of Roland*. It was written about 1140, and centres upon the military exploits of Dias de Bivar, who died in 1099 and is known to history as the Cid or El Campeador.

This translation of the immortal work was made in Majorca for the British Broadcasting Corporation during the winter of 1952-3. The publishers confidently assert that it is the first translation of the poem which succeeds not only in re-creating the rhythms of the original and the feel of its language, but also in making the poem live in terms of contemporary language, without unwarranted colloquialism.

The translator, a graduate of Princeton University and author of several books of verse, is intimately acquainted with the literature and traditions of Spain. In 1954 W. S. Merwin was awarded the Kenyon Review Fellowship in Poetry, and at present holds a Rockefeller Foundation Playwriting Fellowship.

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THE POEM OF THE CID

(El Poema del Mio Cid)

By the same author

Poems

A MASK FOR JANUS

THE DANCING BEARS

GREEN WITH BEASTS

THE POEM OF THE CID

(El Poema del Mio Cid)



A VERSE TRANSLATION BY
W. S. MERWIN

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TO

MARGOT PITT-RIVERS

FOREWORD

WHO wrote *The Poem of the Cid*, and exactly when, it is impossible to say. But it is generally supposed that the date was some time around the year 1140, and that the unknown poet came from the Castillian frontier which faced the Moorish kingdom of Valencia. He may have been a native of Medinaceli or San Esteban de Gormaz; the events of the poem take on a special intimacy as they pass back and forth through this border country. It was a disputed region in the eleventh and early twelfth centuries; Moors and Christians were still fighting over it twenty years before the poem was written. It was also a cradle of poetic activity. *The Poem of the Cid* was not the only heroic poem of the period written in the vernacular, in spare, rapid verse, to be recited in market places, but it is the finest of the few that have survived.

In 1140 more or less, when the poet embarked on his epic, there must have been men still alive who remembered Rodrigo Díaz of Vivar, who had been called 'The Cid.' He had died in Valencia only forty odd years before, on Sunday, 10th July 1099, at the age of fifty-six. His relatives, and his many vassals and their families, had shown the signs of grief that at the time were customary at the passing of a lord: the men beat their breasts, ripped their clothes, stripped their heads bald; the women lacerated their cheeks with their nails and covered their faces with ashes, and both sexes wailed and shrieked in mourning for days. But it was not only in Valencia, which he had taken from the Moors, that the Cid's death resounded. To the two halves of the known world—the Moorish and the Christian—his passing was an event of prime importance. Already in his lifetime he had been a legend.

He had been born some time around 1043 (almost exactly a century before the poem) in Vivar, a village to the north of Burgos. His parents were of the nobility, and he was brought up in the court of Prince Sancho, the eldest son of King Fernando who at the time ruled Castille and Leon and held the title of emperor.

Spain in the mid-eleventh century was politically an extremely complicated place. The reconquest of the country after the first Moorish invasion had made considerable progress: in the north and west of the peninsula were the Visigothic Christian kingdoms and states; in the south and east were the Moorish kingdoms. But to complicate the division, the Christian states lived in rivalry which at intervals flared into open hostility, and many of the Moorish principalities were dependencies of the Christian kingdoms, paying them tribute in exchange for protection from other Moors, or other Christians. Furthermore, the Visigothic kings cherished the disastrous custom of dividing up their kingdoms among their heirs. Fernando did this in 1063, dealing out his realm among his three sons, at the same time swearing them to keep the peace. They did so until both Fernando and his queen were dead; then, in 1067, five years of civil war broke out. The Cid, whose capacities on the battle-field were already proverbial, was Sancho's general. One brother was quickly ousted from his kingdom; the issue then lay between Sancho and the third brother, Alfonso, who was beaten in his turn and taken prisoner. But their sister Urraca contrived Alfonso's escape and raised a rebellion in his name. It was said that Urraca and Alfonso indulged an incestuous passion for each other. At any rate, in 1072 Sancho was killed by treacherous means; the author of his death was his sister Urraca, and the result of the murder was the crowning of Alfonso. Perhaps in order to allay suspicions that he had been implicated in his brother's death, Alfonso began by showing Sancho's lieutenant

considerable favours, including marrying Rodrigo to his own niece, Jimena Díaz. But Alfonso's chief vassals, the Beni-Gómez, were jealous of the Cid, and it is not surprising that in 1081 the king found occasion to banish him.

The Cid and his followers served, in turn, the Count of Barcelona and the Moorish King of Zaragoza, while Alfonso extended his sway over the whole of the peninsula, until 1085, when the event occurred which led to Alfonso's eclipse and the Cid's unique position in the history and legend of Spain. In 1055, in the Sudan, a Mohammedan tribe had launched a holy war to reform the decadent faith of Islam; by 1085, under their chief, Yúsuf, these fanatics had conquered the whole of Moorish Africa. And in that year, in response to an ill-advised invitation from the Moorish kings of southern Spain, Yúsuf crossed the straits at the head of a large force, and the second Moorish invasion of Spain began. The encounter between Yúsuf and Alfonso took place at Sagradas in October 1085. (It was in this battle that drums were heard in Europe for the first time.) The Christians were disastrously defeated, and after the rout Yúsuf had the Christian corpses beheaded and the heads piled up into hills, from whose tops, on the following dawn, his muezzins summoned his troops to prayer. Yúsuf's power quickly overran Moorish Spain.

The Cid was restored to Alfonso's favour, and in the name of the king he seized Valencia from the Moors; this was the first effective counter-stroke to the new Moorish power. In the remaining years of his life the Cid consolidated his control of the Spanish Levant in the teeth of Yúsuf and the combined Moorish forces of southern Spain. Alfonso's favour came and went; much of the time the Cid had no allies. But while Alfonso's armies were beaten with crushing regularity, the Cid defeated every Moorish force he met; in 1094 he routed a vast army

of Yúsuf's to the south of Valencia, and in 1096, though heavily outnumbered, repeated the performance. For the last eight years of his life the Cid was in effect the only Christian power outside Christian Spain who opposed the Moorish forces, and his single opposition, more than anything else, held the Moors in check. The legend (though it is legend only) tells that after he died his corpse, with sword raised in hand, was tied onto his horse and routed one last Moorish host.

The body of legend and literature which grew around the Cid in the five hundred years after his death is unique in that it comprises a complete cycle. First there are the historic facts, such as remain. Then come the anonymous epics of the twelfth century, *The Poem of the Cid* among them; after that, for several centuries, there is the corpus of ballads dealing with episodes in the Cid's life, or in his legend. Finally, in the great age of Spanish drama, there is Guillén de Castro's two-part play, *The Youth of the Cid*, which served as a model for Corneille's *Le Cid*.

In the whole cycle the most impressive single work is *The Poem of the Cid*. Its language is simple and direct; the versification relies, for the most part, on two things: rhythm and assonance. The poem is written in a long line of roughly four stresses, with a strongly marked caesura, which is not unlike the Middle English line used in *Piers Plowman*. The lines all end on the same assonance for an indeterminate number of lines, then the assonance changes; the sections into which the poem has been divided correspond with these changes of assonance.

In translating the poem, the rhythm seemed to me, after the literal meaning of the words, the most important thing, and in trying to convey some sense of it I have abandoned any attempt at reproducing the assonance scheme of the original. Translation of course is a series of such compromises, and translations which exasperate usually do so because they have failed to strike a good compromise

between being the slave of the original, and hence unreadable, on the one hand, and indulging in presumed improvements upon the original on the other. On the whole it is the improvers whom I have most resented, and this of course has had its influence. For example the author of *The Poem of the Cid*, following the conventions of the kind of poetry he was writing, often used the historic present to bring things into the foreground, and the past tenses to hold them at a remove, and he did so with small regard for the unity of tenses in any particular sentence. In spite of the initial strangeness of this use of tenses in English, I have not wanted to try to improve upon the poet's system of shading for the sake of a minimum degree of clarity, except in a few cases where the preservation of the tenses of the original would have seemed impossibly awkward or affected. However, with proper names I have tended to use the modern Spanish, with certain exceptions. In general I have tried to put the poem into English which would be neither deathly archaic nor jarringly and pointlessly colloquial.

I wish to thank Douglas Cleverdon, first, for suggesting this translation to the Third Programme of the British Broadcasting Corporation, on which it was broadcast. I cannot adequately express my obligation to Professor Stephen Gilman, of Harvard College, who found time and patience to go through the translation with me and to correct blunders which I would rather not remember—but I must say at once that he is not responsible for any that may still remain. Anyone who has any pleasure or profit from the poem is indebted to the great modern Spanish scholar, Ramón Menéndez Pidal; I should like simply to indicate the extent of my debt. I have used his text of the poem for my translation, and his reproduction of the original, unreconstructed text, for reference. Without his notes to both texts, and his glossary, I would often have been at a loss. His *La España del Cid* is an

indispensable guide to the background of the poem, and his *El Cid Campeador* is far the finest biography of the Cid. Finally, scattered essays of his on such subjects as the formation of the Spanish language, and his volume on the epics and bards of Spain (*Poesia juglaresca y juglares*) have provided me, in the course of the work, not only with relevant information, but excitement.

W. S. MERWIN.

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FIRST CANTAR

THE EXILE OF THE CID

(Since the opening pages of the poem are lost, the beginning of the story must be supplied from the 'Chronicle of Twenty Kings,' for the part of that chronicle relating to the Cid had in the first place been translated from the poem into Latin prose. The passage immediately preceding the beginning of Per Abbat's manuscript has been reconstructed in verse from the chronicle.)

King Alfonso sent Ruy Díaz, my Cid, to collect the annual tribute from the Kings of Córdoba and Seville. Almutamiz, King of Seville, and Almudafar, King of Granada, at that time were bitter enemies and wished each other's deaths. And there were then with Almudafar, King of Granada, those noblemen who supported him: the Count Don García Ordóñez, and Fortún Sánchez the son-in-law of King García of Navarre, and Lope Sánchez, and each of these noblemen with all his power supported Almudafar, and went against Almutamiz, King of Seville.

Ruy Díaz Cid, when he heard that they were coming against the King of Seville, who was a vassal and tributary of his lord King Alfonso, took it ill and was much grieved; and he sent letters to all of them begging them not to come against the King of Seville nor destroy his land, because of the allegiance they owed to King Alfonso, for they might know that if they continued to do so, King Alfonso could not do otherwise than to come to the aid of his vassal, who was his tributary. The King of Granada and the noblemen took no note of the Cid's letters, but using violence they destroyed all the land of the King of Seville as far as the castle of Cabra.

When Ruy Díaz Cid saw this he took all the force of Christians and Moors that he could muster, and went against the King of Granada to expel him from the land of the King of Seville. And the King of Granada and the noblemen who were with him, when they knew that he was coming thus, sent to tell him that they would not leave the land on his account. Ruy Díaz Cid, when he heard this, could not rest until he had set upon them, and he went against them, and fought with them in the field, and the battle lasted from nine o'clock until midday, and the Moors and Christians on the side of the King of Granada suffered great slaughter, and the Cid overcame them and forced them to flee from the field. And in this battle the Cid took prisoner the Count Don García Ordóñez and pulled out part of his beard . . . and took prisoner many other gentlemen, and so many of the ordinaries that they lost count: and the Cid held them three days and then released them all. While he held them prisoner he sent his men to gather together the belongings and things of value which remained on the field; afterwards the Cid with all his company and all his gains returned to Almutamiz, King of Seville, and gave to him and to all his Moors whatever they knew to be theirs, and whatever they wished to take besides. And always after that, both Moors and Christians called this same Ruy Díaz of Bivar the Cid Campeador, which is to say the warrior, the winner of battles.

Then Almutamiz gave him many fine presents and the tribute for which he had come . . . and the Cid with all the tribute went back to King Alfonso his lord. The King received him very well and was highly pleased with him and most satisfied with all he had done there. Because of this many were envious and sought to do him evil, and spoke against him to the King. . . .

The King, who already nursed an ancient rancour against him, came to believe them, and sent letters to the

Cid telling him that he must leave the kingdom. The Cid, when he had read the letters, was much grieved, and yet he did not wish to disobey, although he was allowed only nine days' grace in which to leave the kingdom.

1

The Cid calls his vassals together. They will go with him into exile. The Cid's Farewell to Bivar

He sent for his family and his vassals and told them that the King had ordered him to leave his lands and that he was given no more than nine days in which to go, and that he wished to know from them which of them would go with him and which would stay.

'and those who come with me

God's good mercy sustain,
and those who remain here

I shall be content with them.'

Then spoke Álvar Fáñez

his first cousin:

'We shall go with you, Cid

through deserts, through towns,
and never fail you

while we are whole in limb;

with you we shall wear out

horses and beasts of burden

and our goods and our garments

and serve you always

as faithful liegemen.'

Then to what Don Álvaro had said

all gave their consent;

My Cid thanked them deeply

for all they had there spoken . . .

My Cid went out from Bivar

towards Burgos riding

and left his palaces

disinherited and barren.

3

My Cid Ruy Díaz

rode into Burgos,

in his company

sixty pennons;

they crowded to see him

women and men,

townsmen and their wives

sat at the windows

weeping from their eyes

so great was their sorrow.

And one sentence only

was on every tongue:

'God, how fine a vassal

were his lord but worthy!’

4

No one gives lodging to the Cid. Only one little girl speaks to him to tell him he must leave. The Cid finds he must camp outside the town, on the shingle of the river-bed

They would have asked him in

gladly, but did not dare.

For King Alfonso

cherished such anger.

His letter had come

to Burgos the night before

with all formality

and sealed with a great seal:

that to my Cid Ruy Díaz

no one must give shelter,

that who should do so

let him learn the truth of the matter.

he would lose all that he had
and the eyes out of his face,
and, what is more, they would lose
their bodies and their souls.

Those Christian people
great sorrow they had,
hiding from my Cid
for none dared say a word.

The Campeador
rode up to the inn;
when he reached the portal
he found it closed against him
for fear of King Alfonso
they had concluded thus:
unless he break the door
on no account admit him.

Those with my Cid
shouted out for them to open,
those within
would not answer them.

My Cid spurred forward
to the door he came,
drew his foot from the stirrup
kicked a gash in the wood;
the door was well secured
and did not open.

A little girl of nine
appeared in sight:
'Ah Campeador in a good hour
you first girded on sword!

The King forbids us this
last night his letter came here,
with all formality
and sealed with a great seal.

We dare not let you in
nor lodge you for any reason,

or we shall lose

our goods and our houses,
and besides these

the eyes out of our faces.

Cid, you will gain nothing

by our miseries;

but the Creator bless you

with all his holy virtues.'

The child spoke this

and then turned back to her house.

Now the Cid can see that he finds

no grace in the King's eyes.

He went from the doorway

and spurred through Burgos,

came to Santa María

there stepped from his horse,

there he knelt down

from his heart he prayed.

The prayer ended

once more he mounted;

rode out of the gate

passed over the Arlanzón.

Outside the town of Burgos

at the river-bed he stayed,

set his tent

and there dismounted.

My Cid Ruy Díaz

who in good hour girded on sword,

when no house would have him

pitched camp on the shingle;

and a goodly company

encamped around him.

There he camped, my Cid

as in a wilderness.

In the town of Burgos

the law forbade

that he should so much as buy
anything that was food;
no one dared sell him
a pennyworth of bread.

5

Martín Antolínez comes from Burgos to bring food to the Cid

Martín Antolínez
the accomplished man of Burgos,
to my Cid and his men
brought bread and wine
which was not bought
because it was his own;
of all manner of food
they had ample provision.
He was pleased, my Cid
the accomplished Campeador,
and all the others
who were in his train.

Martin Antolínez spoke
you will hear what he said:
'Ah, Campeador
in a good hour you were born!
we stay here to-night
we must be gone by morning,
for I shall be accused
of this service I have done,
in King Alfonso's anger
I shall be included.
If I escape with you
alive and sound of limb,
sooner or later the King
will love me as a friend;
if not, all that I leave
I value at nothing.'

6

*The Cid, impoverished, resorts to Martín Antolínez's cunning.
The coffers filled with sand*

My Cid spoke
 who in good hour girded on sword:
'Martín Antolínez
 you are a hardy lance!
if I live
 I will double your pay.
Gone is my gold
 and all my silver,
you can see plainly
 that I carry nothing,
and I need money
 for all my followers;
I am forced to this
 since freely I can have nothing.
With your aid
 I will build two coffers;
we shall stuff them with sand
 to make them heavier,
stud them with nails
 and cover them with worked leather.'

7

*The coffers destined to obtain money from the two Jews of
Burgos*

'The leather crimson
 and the nails well gilded.
Go in haste and find me
 Raquel and Vidas; and say:
since in Burgos I may not buy
 and the King's disfavour pursues me,
I cannot carry this wealth
 for it is too heavy,

I must put it in pawn
for whatever is reasonable.
So that no Christians may see it
come and fetch it in by night.
Let the Creator see it
and all his saints besides;
I cannot do otherwise
and for this have little heart.'

8

Martin Antolínez goes back into Burgos

Martín Antolínez
without delay
went into Burgos
into the castle,
for Raquel and Vidas
he asked immediately.

9

Martin Antolinez's negotiations with the Jews. They go to the Cid's tent. They carry away the coffers of sand

Raquel and Vidas
were both in the same place
counting over the goods
that they had gained.
Martín Antolínez approached
with all shrewdness:
'Are you there, Raquel and Vidas
my dear friends?
I would speak with you both
in secret confidence.'
They did not keep him waiting
all three withdrew together.

‘Raquel and Vidas
 give me your hands,
swear you will not betray me
 to Moors nor Christians;
I shall make you rich for ever
 you will lack for nothing.

The Campeador
 was sent for the tribute
he seized much wealth
 and great possessions,
he kept for himself
 a considerable portion;
whence he has come to this
 for he was accused.

He has two coffers
 full of pure gold.
You know full well
 the King’s disfavour pursues him.
He has left houses and palaces
 all his inheritance.

He cannot take these
 for they would be discovered.

The Campeador
 will leave the coffers in your hands,
lend him, in money
 whatever is reasonable.

Take the coffers
 into your safe-keeping;
but you must both pledge your faiths
 with a great oath
for the rest of this year
 not to look inside them.’

Raquel and Vidas
 conferred together:
‘In any business
 we must gain something.

Of course we know

that he gained something:
in the lands of the Moors

he seized much booty.

His sleep is uneasy

who has money with him.

As for the coffers

let us take both of them,
and put them in a place

where no one will sniff them.

‘But tell us, concerning the Cid

what sum will content him,
what interest will he give us
for the whole of this year?’

Martín Antolínez answered

with all shrewdness:

‘My Cid desires

whatever is reasonable;
he asks little of you
for leaving his wealth in safety.

Needy men, from all sides

are gathering around him,
he requires

six hundred marks.’

Raquel and Vidas said:

‘We will gladly give that many.’

‘You see, night approaches

the Cid cannot delay,
we have need

that you give us the marks.’

Raquel and Vidas said:

‘Business is not done that way,
but by first taking
and giving afterwards.’

Martín Antolínez said:

‘I am content with that.

Come, both of you
to the famous Campeador,
and we will help you
as is only just,
to carry away the coffers
to where you can keep them safely,
so that neither Moors nor Christians
may know where they lie.'

Raquel and Vidas said:

'That will content us.

When the coffers are here

you may take the six hundred marks.

Martín Antolínez

rode off at once

with Raquel and Vidas

willingly and gladly.

He did not go by the bridge

but through the water,

so that no man born, in Burgos

should get wind of it.

They have come to the tent

of the famous Campeador.

They kiss the hands of the Cid

when they enter.

My Cid smiled

and spoke with them:

'Greetings, Don Raquel and Don Vidas

had you forgotten me?

I must depart into exile

for the King's disfavour pursues me.

From the look of things

you will have something of mine;

as long as you live

you will not be paupers.'

Raquel and Vidas

kissed my Cid's hands.

Martín Antolínez

settled the deal.

Six hundred marks

they would give for those coffers,
and would guard them well

till the end of the year;
and to this they vowed their consent

and to this swore:
that should they break their promise

and open them before,
the Cid should not give so much

as one wretched farthing, for their profit.
Martín Antolínez said:

‘Carry them off at once.

Take them, Raquel and Vidas

put them in your safe place;
I shall go with you

to bring back the money,
for my Cid must depart

before the cock sings.’
When they went to load the coffers

you could see how great was their pleasure:
they could not lift them

although they were strong.
They rejoiced, Raquel and Vidas

to have so much treasure
they should be rich

as long as they lived.

10

*The Jews leave the Cid. Martín Antolínez goes back to Burgos
with the Jews*

Raquel has kissed

the hand of my Cid:

‘Ah, Campeador

in good hour you girded on sword!

11

*The Cid, provided with money by Martín Antolínez, makes ready
to march*

Raquel and Vidas

walked to one side:

'Let us make him a fine gift

since he found this for us.

Martin Antolínez

renowned man of Burgos,

we will make you a fine gift

you have deserved your commission:

We will give you enough to make trousers

a good cloak and rich tunic.

We will make you a present

of thirty marks

as is only proper

and what you have deserved

since you shall testify

to this that we have agreed.'

Don Martino thanked them

and took the money;

he was glad to go from the house

and leave them both.

He has gone out of Burgos

passed over the Arlanzón,

and come to the tent of him

who in good hour was born.

The Cid received him

with his arms open:

'Welcome, Martín Antolínez

my faithful vassal!

May I see the day

when you will receive something from me!'

'I come, Campeador

with all care and prudence;

you have gained six hundred
and I thirty.
Bid them strike the tent
and let us leave at once,
in San Pedro of Cardeña
let the cock sing to us;
we shall see your wife
of gentle birth and good report,
rest for a little
then quit the kingdom,
as we must, for the term
of the sentence draws near.'

12

The Cid mounts and bids farewell to the cathedral of Burgos, promising a thousand masses to the altar of the Virgin

These words said
the tent is struck.
My Cid and his followers
mount at once.
He turned his horse
towards Santa María,
raised his right hand
crossed himself:
'Praise be to Thee, O God
who guide earth and sky;
thy grace be with me
glorious Santa María!
Now I depart Castille
since the King's wrath pursues me,
and know not if I shall return
in all my days.
Thy favour be with me
Thou Glorious, on my going,

aid and sustain me

by night and by day!

Grant thou as I beg

and if fortune bear with me

fine gifts on thy altar

rich offerings I shall lay,

and a thousand masses

have sung in thy chantry.'

13

Martin Antolinez returns to the city

He the excellent one

bade hearty farewell.

They release the reins

and set spur to their horses.

Martín Antolínez

the loyal man of Burgos.

said: 'I shall see my wife

who is all my solace,

and leave instructions

as to what must be done.

I care not if the king

should seize my possessions.

I shall be with you

before the sun shines.'

14

The Cid goes to Cardena to say good-bye to his family

Don Martino turned towards Burgos

and my Cid spurred on

with all speed

towards San Pedro of Cardena.

with those knights

who do his pleasure.

The cocks quicken their song

and dawn is breaking

when the good Campeador

rode up to San Pedro;

the Abbot Don Sancho

a servant of the Lord,

was saying his matins

in the hour of dawn.

And there Doña Jimena

with five gentlewomen

was praying to Saint Peter

and to the Creator praying:

‘Thou who guidest all creatures

bless my Cid the Campeador.’

15

*The monks of Cardeña receive the Cid. Jimena and her daughters
come to greet the outcast*

They called at the door

the message was taken;

the Abbot Don Sancho

God, how great was his rejoicing!

There was running in the courtyard

with candles and torches

to receive with gladness

him who in good hour was born.

‘Thanks be to God, my Cid,’

said the Abbot Don Sancho,

‘that I see you before me

to share my dwelling.’

My Cid, he who was born

in a good hour, answered:

'My thanks, Abbot

I am well pleased with you;

I would have a meal made ready

for myself and my followers,

and since I must leave this land

I give you fifty marks,

if I live

you shall have two for each of these.

I would not occasion this abbey

a farthing of loss;

take these hundred marks

for Doña Jimena;

wait on her this full year

and on her daughters and ladies.

My two small daughters

clasp them safe in your arms;

they and my wife

care for them closely.

I commend them to you

to you, Abbot Don Sancho;

If this money should run out

or you need anything

yet provide for them well

I shall pay, accordingly,

for each mark you spend

four to the abbey.'

The Abbot agreed

to all of this gladly.

Behold where Doña Jimena

is coming with her daughters,

each carried and brought

in the arms of a nurse.

And Doña Jimena knelt down

on both knees before him.

She kissed his hands

weeping from her eyes:

‘Grace, Campeador

who in good hour was born!

Because of evil slanderers

you are sent into exile.’

16

Doña Jimena laments the helplessness in which her daughters will be left. The Cid hopes to be able to see them honourably married

‘Grace, Campeador

of the excellent beard!

Here before you

are your daughters and I,

and they in their infancy

and their days are tender,

with these my ladies

who wait upon me.

I know well

that you pause here merely,

and in this life

must part from us.

In the name of Santa María

give us counsel!’

He stretched out his hands

he of the splendid beard;

his two daughters

in his arms he took,

drew them to his heart

for he loved them dearly.

He weeps from his eyes

and sighs deeply:

‘Ah, Doña Jimena

my perfect wife,

I love you

as I do my own soul.

17

They laid a great banquet
for the good Campeador.
They clanged and pealed
the bells of San Pedro.
Through all Castille
the cry goes:
he is leaving the land
my Cid the Campeador;
some leave houses
and others honours.
On that day
at the bridge of the Arlanzón
a hundred and fifteen horsemen
are come together,
all of them asking
for my Cid the Campeador;
Martín Antolínez
rode up where they were.
They set off for San Pedro
to him who was born in good hour.

18

The hundred Castillians arrive at Cardena and make themselves vassals of the Cid. He makes ready to continue his march in the morning. The matins at Cardena. Jimena's prayer. The Cid's farewell to his family. His last instructions to the Abbot of Cardena. The Cid sets out on his exile; night falls after he has crossed the Duero

When my Cid of Bivar
 heard the news,
that his band was growing
 that his strength was increasing,
he mounted in haste
 and rode out to receive them;
he broke into smiles
 as soon as he saw them;
each of them came up
 and kissed his hand.
My Cid spoke
 with all his heart:
'I pray to God
 our Father in heaven,
that you who for me have left
 home and possessions
before I die
 may receive from me some gain,
that all you lose now
 twofold may be returned.'
My Cid rejoiced
 that his company had grown,
all rejoiced
 who were there with him.
Six days of the sentence
 already have run,
three remain
 and afterwards none.

my Cid and his wife

into the church have gone.

On the steps before the altar

Doña Jimena knelt down.

with all her heart

praying to the Creator

that God might keep from harm

my Cid the Campeador:

'Glorious Lord, Father

who art in heaven,

Who made heaven and earth

and the sea the third day,

Who made stars and moon

and the sun to warm us.

Who became incarnate

in Santa María Thy mother,

Who, as was Thy will

appeared in Bethlehem;

shepherds praised Thee

and glorified Thee,

three kings of Arabia

came to adore Thee,

Melchior

and Caspar and Balthasar,

gold and frankincense and myrrh

with glad hearts they offered Thee

Thou didst save Jonas

when he fell into the sea.

Thou savedst Daniel

from the evil den of lions.

Thou in Rome savedst

Lord San Sebastian.

Thou didst save Saint Susannah

from the living criminal.

Father in heaven, Thou didst walk

thirty-two years on earth

showing miracles

of which we may tell:

Thou didst make wine from water

and bread from stones;

Thou didst raise Lazarus

as was Thy intention;

Thou didst let the Jews take Thee;

on Mount Calvary

where it is called Golgotha

on a cross they hanged Thee;

and, one on each side

two thieves with Thee,

one is in paradise

the other did not go there;

much grace didst Thou work

on the cross hanging:

Longinus was blind

and had never seen anything,

he thrust his spear into Thy side

from whence blood came,

which down the shaft ran

and anointed his hands,

which covered his arm

and to his face came,

he opened his eyes

and looked on all sides,

and believed on Thee then

from whence came his salvation;

Thou from the sepulchre

didst rise again,

descended into hell

as was Thy will;

burst open the doors

and saved the holy fathers.

Thou art King of kings

and of the whole world Father,

[illegible]

We must be on our way
this is idleness.
All these sorrows
will yet turn to joy:
God who gave us souls
will give us guidance.'
Once again they bid
the Abbot Don Sancho
to serve Doña Jimena
and her two daughters
and all the ladies
who were with them there;
the abbot knew well
that he would be recompensed.
Don Sancho has turned
and Álvar Fáñez spoke:
'Abbot, if you meet with any
who would come with us,
tell them to take up our trail
and ride after us,
for in wasteland or town
they will overtake us.'
They released the reins
and ride forward;
the time draws near
when they must quit the kingdom.
The Cid pitched camp
by Spinaz de Can,
that night from all hands
men flocked to go with him.
Next day, in the morning
they rode on again.
He is leaving the land
the loyal Campeador,
on his left San Esteban
a goodly city,

19

There he lay down, my Cid

He crossed himself, my Cid
when he awoke.

20

He made the sign of the cross before his face
and commended himself to God.

he was deeply glad

because of the dream he had dreamed.

Next day in the morning

they ride onward;

the last day of their time has come

know, after that there is no more.

By the mountains of Miedes

they came to a halt,

on the right the towers of Atienza

which the Moors hold.

21

The tally of the Cid's followers

It was still day

the sun not down,

When my Cid the Campeador

assembled his men:

not counting the foot-soldiers

and brave men they were,

he counted three hundred lances

each with its pennon.

22

*The Cid enters the Moorish kingdom of Toledo, a tributary of
King Alfonso's*

'Let the horses be fed early

and may the Creator keep you!

Let those eat who desire to

and those who do not, ride on.

We shall cross over that range

high and forbidding,

this same night

we shall leave Alfonso's kingdom.

He who comes looking for us
may find us then.'
They crossed the range in the night
and morning came,
and on the downward ridge
they began riding.
Half-way down a mountain
which was marvellous and high,
my Cid halted
and fed the horses their barley.
He told them all that he wished
to ride on, all that night;
all were stout-hearted
and good liegemen
who for their lord
would do anything.
Before night fell
they set off again;
my Cid pressed on
so that none might discover them.
They rode forward by night
without resting.
Where it is called Castejón
on the bank of the Henares,
my Cid lay in ambush
with those who are with him.

23

The plan of the campaign. Castejón falls into the Cid's power by surprise. The raiding-party goes against Alcalá

All that night
my Cid lies in ambush;
Álvar Fáñez Minaya
thus advised them:

'Ah, Cid in good hour
you girded on sword!
With one hundred
of our company,
after we have surprised
and taken Castejón,
do you remain there
and be our fixed base;
give me two hundred
to go on a raid;
with God and good fortune
we shall take rich spoils.'

The Campeador said:
'You speak well, Minaya;
you with two hundred
ride out raiding;
take Álvaro Álvarez
and Álvaro Salvadórez,
and Galindo García
who is a hardy lance,
all of them brave knights
let them go with Minaya.
Ride forward boldly
let no fear detain you.
Ride down below Hita
and past Guadalajara,
take your raiders
as far as Alcalá,
and let them carry off
all that is of value,
leaving nothing behind
out of fear of the Moors.
I with the hundred
shall stay here behind
and hold Castejón
where we will be secure.

If on your raiding foray
any trouble befall you,
send word at once
to me here behind;
all Spain will talk
of the aid I shall bring.
They have been named
who will ride out on the raid,
and they who will remain
with my Cid, in the fixed base.
The dawn begins to break
and the morning comes,
the sun came forth
God, how fair it appeared!
They began to stir
in Castejón,
they open the gates
and went out of the town
to see to their tasks
and all their property.
All have gone out
and left the gates open,
few there are
who remain in Castejón;
all who have gone out
are scattered abroad.
The Campeador
came out of hiding,
he rode around Castejón
all the way.
He has seized
the Moors and their women
and those cattle
that were about there.
My Cid Don Rodrigo
rode up to the gate,

those there to defend it
when they saw the attack,
were taken with fear
and the gate was unguarded.
My Cid Ruy Díaz
rode in at the gate,
in his hand he carried
a naked sword,
fifteen Moors he killed
who came in his way,
took Castejón
and its gold and its silver.
His knights arrive
with the spoils,
they give it to my Cid
all this, to him, is nothing.
Behold now the two hundred and three
in the raiding party,
they ride on without pausing
and plunder all the land;
as far as Alcalá
went the banner of Minaya;
and from there with the spoils
they return again,
up along the Henares
and along the Guadalajara.
Such great spoils
they bring back with them,
many flocks
of sheep and of cattle,
and clothing
and great quantities of other riches.
Forward
comes the banner of Minaya;
no one dares attack
the band of raiders.

That company returns
 with its plunder,
 see, they are in Castejón
 where the Campeador was.
 Leaving the castle secure
 the Campeador rode out,
 rode out to receive them
 with his company,
 he greets Minaya
 with his arms open:
 'Have you returned, Álvar Fáñez
 hardy lance!
 Wherever I send you
 I may well be hopeful.
 Your booty and mine together
 of all we have gained,
 a fifth is yours
 if you will take it, Minaya.'

24

Minaya will take no part of the booty, and makes a solemn vow

'I thank you from my heart
 famous Campeador,
 for this fifth part
 which you offer me;
 it would please
 Alfonso the Castillian.
 I give it up
 and return it to you.
 I make a vow
 to God who is in heaven:
 until I have satisfied myself
 on my good horse,
 with joining battle
 in the field with the Moors,

all the fifth part

remained to my Cid.

He could not sell it there

nor give it as a present;

nor did he wish to have men or women

as slaves in his train.

He spoke with those of Castejón

he sent to Hita and Guadalajara,

to learn how much

they would give him for his fifth,

Even with what they might give

their gain would be great.

The Moors offered

three thousand marks of silver.

My Cid was content

with this offering.

On the third day

they paid it all.

My Cid concluded

that there would not be room

for all his company

within the castle,

and that it might be held

but there would be no water.

'Let us leave these Moors in peace

for their treaty is written,

King Alfonso will seek us out

with all his host.

Hear me, my men and Minaya!

I would quit Castejn.'

26

*The Cid proceeds to the lands of Zaragoza which are dependencies
of the Moorish king of Valencia*

'Let no one take amiss

what I have to say:

we cannot remain

in Castejón;

King Alfonso is near

and will come seeking us.

But as for the castle

I would not lay it waste;

I wish to set free

a hundred Moors and a hundred Moorish women,
that they may speak no evil of me

since I took it from them.

You have had full share, every one

and no one is still unrewarded,

To-morrow in the morning

we must ride on;

I do not wish to fight

with Alfonso my Lord.'

All are contented

with what my Cid spoke.

All went away rich

from the castle they had taken;
the Moors and their women

give them their blessings.

They go up the Henares

at their best speed,

pass through Alcarrias

and went on from there,

the caves of Anquita

they pass by,

crossed over the waters

into the plains of Taranz,

and through those lands below there
as far as they extend.
Between Ariza and Cetina
my Cid pitched his tent.
Great spoils he took
in the lands through which he goes;
the Moors do not know
what their intention is.
My Cid of Bivar
the next day moved on,
beyond Alhama
beyond Hoz he rode on,
Beyond Bubierca
to Ateca, farther on.
Close to Alcocer
my Cid came to camp,
on a round hill
that stood high and strong;
the stream Jalón around them
none could cut off their water.
My Cid Don Rodrigo
thinks to take Alcocer.

27

The Cid encamps close to Alcocer

He mans the hill strongly
makes strong the encampments
some along the hillside
some near the water.
The good Campeador
who in good hour girded on sword,
set all his men
to digging a moat,
on all sides of the hill
down near the water,

so that by day or night

they might not be surprised,
and that the Moors might know that my Cid
meant to remain there.

28

The Moors' fear

Through all those lands
the news had gone
that my Cid the Campeador
had built an encampment there,
he has gone out from the Christians
and come among the Moors;
all about their encampment
none dares work the land.
My Cid and all his vassals
begin to rejoice;
the castle of Alcocer
is beginning to pay tribute.

29

The Campeador takes Alcocer by a stratagem

Those of Alcocer
now send tribute to my Cid
and those of Ateca
and of the village of Terror,
and of Calatayud
you may know, though it weighed heavy on them.
Fully fifteen weeks
my Cid remained there.
When my Cid saw that Alcocer
would not yield to him,
he thought of a stratagem
and wasted no time:

they left the gates open
with none to guard them.
The Campeador
turned his face round,
he judged the distance
between the Moors and their castle,
bade them turn with the banner
with all speed they rode forward.
'Charge them, knights
let none lag behind,
with the Creator's blessing
ours is the gain!'
Half-way across the meadow
they came together.
God, their hearts were glad
upon that morning!
My Cid and Álvar Fáñez
rode ahead;
they had good horses
you may know, that went at their pleasure;
they rode clear between
the Moors and the castle.
My Cid's vassals
attacked without mercy,
they kill three hundred Moors
in a short time.
Those who are in the ambush
giving great shouts,
leaving those who are in the van
charged upon the castle,
halted at the door
bare swords in their hands.
Then their own men rode up
for they have routed them.
Know, in this manner
my Cid took Alcocer.

30

The Cid's banner floats over Alcocer

Pedro Bermúdez came
with the banner in his hand,
he flew it from the peak
from the highest point of all.
My Cid spoke, Ruy Díaz
who in good hour was born:
'Thanks be to God in heaven
and to all His saints,
both horses and riders
now shall have better lodging.'

31

The Cid's mercy toward the Moors

‘Hear me, Alvar Fáñez
and all my men!
In this castle
we have taken great gains;
the Moors lie dead
I see few living.
We cannot sell
the Moors and their women,
it would gain us nothing
to cut off their heads;
Let us take them in
for we are the lords here;
we shall live in their houses
and they shall wait upon us.’

32

The King of Valencia, wishing to recover Alcocer, sends an army against the Cid

My Cid is in Alcocer
with all he has taken:
he has sent back for the tent
which he left standing.
They are grieved in Ateca
and those of Terrer are not merry
and those of Calatayud
you may know, are heavy hearted.
They have sent a message
to the King of Valencia
telling how one who is called
my Cid Ruy Díaz of Bivar
'whom King Alfonso
has banished from his kingdom,
came to camp near Alcocer
in a strong place;
drew us out into ambush
and has taken the castle;
if you send us no help
you will lose Ateca, lose Terrer,
lose Calatayud
which cannot escape;
all will go ill
here on the bank of the Jalón
as well as in Jiloca
on the other side.'

When King Tamin heard this
his heart was heavy:
'Three kings of the Moors
are here with me;
let two without delay
proceed to the place,

take three thousand Moors
armed for battle;
muster from the frontier
all who will come to your aid,
take him alive
and fetch him before me;
since he entered my lands
I will mete him his due.'

Three thousand Moors
mount and ride off,
they came at night
to camp in Segorbe.
Next day in the morning
they ride on again,
they came at night
to camp at Celfa.
From there to the frontier
they send letters ahead,
none lag behind
from all sides they gather.
They went out from Celfa
which is called The Canal,
all that day
without rest they went forward,
and came that night
to camp in Calatayud.
Through all those lands
the cry goes;
and many have come
great crowds have assembled
with those two kings
called Fáriz and Galve,
to surround my good Cid
in Alcocer.

33

Fáriz and Galve surround the Cid in Alcocer

They set up their tents
and built an encampment,
their host is great already
and still it grows stronger.
The sentinels
whom the Moors post
go armed
by day and by night
many are the sentinels
and great is the host.
They cut off the water
from my Cid's men.
Those who are with my Cid
wished to give battle,
he who was born in good hour
strictly forbade it.
Fully three weeks
the Moors lay camped around them.

34

The Cid's council with his followers. Secret preparations. The Cid rides out to pitched battle with Fáriz and Galve. Pedro Bermúdez draws first blood

At the end of three weeks
as the fourth was beginning,
my Cid called
his men to council:
'They have cut off our water
our bread will soon be gone,
if we tried to leave by night
they would not let us;
if we should give battle
their strength is great;

tell me, my knights

what you think were best done.'

Minaya spoke first

that worthy knight:

'From sweet Castille

we have come to this place,

unless we fight with the Moors

they will give us no bread.

We are six hundred

and something over;

in the name of the Creator

we can do no other

than attack them

when this next day dawns.'

The Campeador said:

'You speak to my liking;

your speech does you honour, Minaya

as will your action.'

All the Moors and their women

he sent from the castle,

so that no one might know

what was planned in secret.

That day and that night

they made themselves ready.

Next day in the morning

as the sun rose,

my Cid was armed

and all his men.

He spoke, my Cid.

You will hear what he said:

'Let us all go out

let no one remain behind,

except two foot-soldiers

who will guard the gate;

if we die in the field

they will possess the castle,

if we beat them in battle

we may add to our wealth.

And you, Pedro Bermúdez

take my banner;

you are a good vassal

you will bear it faithfully;

but do not charge with it

until I send you word.'

He kissed my Cid's hand

and goes to take the banner.

They opened the gates

and ride out on to the field;

the Moors' sentinels saw them

and turn back to their army.

What haste among the Moors!

they set to arm;

it seemed the earth would split

with the noise of drums;

you could see the Moors arm

and rush into ranks.

On the side of the Moors

there were two kingly banners,

and as for the coloured pennons

who could number them?

The files of the Moors

are moving forward,

to meet, hand to hand

my Cid and his men.

'Stay, knights, where you are

here in this place,

let no one break ranks

till I give the word.'

That same Pedro Bermúdez

could not abide it,

took the banner in hand

and spurred forward:

‘The Creator bless you
loyal Cid Campeador!
I shall set your standard
in the main rank there;
those who owe it allegiance
let us see how they aid it.’

The Campeador said:
‘No, in charity’s name!’

Pedro Bermúdez answered:
‘Nothing can keep it here!’

He spurred his horse
into their main rank,
Moors rush upon him
to gain the banner,
give him great blows
but can break no armour.

The Campeador said:
‘To his aid, for charity’s sake.’

35

Those with my Cid attack to rescue Pedro Bermúdez

They clasp the shields
 over their hearts,
they lower the lances
 swathed in their pennons,
they bowed their faces
 over their saddle-trees,
with strong hearts
 they charged to attack them.
He who in good hour was born
 cried with a great voice:
'Attack them, knights
 for the love of the Creator!
I am Ruy Díaz, the Cid
 the Campeador of Bivar!'

[illegible]

36

They destroy the enemy ranks

You would have seen so many lances
lowered and raised,
so many bucklers
pierced and split asunder,
so many coats of mail
break and darken,
so many white pennons
drawn out red with blood,
so many good horses
run without their riders.
The Moors call on Mohamet
and the Christians on St James.
A thousand three hundred
of the Moors fall dead
upon the field
in a little space.

37

Mention of the principal Christian knights

How well they fight
 above their gilded saddle-trees:
my Cid Ruy Díaz
 the good warrior;

Minaya Álvar Fáñez
 he from Zorita,
 Martín Antolínez
 the excellent man of Burgos,
 Muño Gustioz
 who was his vassal,
 Martín Muñoz
 from Monte Mayor,
 Álvar Álvarez
 and Álvar Salvadórez,
 Galindo García
 excellent knight from Aragón,
 Félez Muñoz
 the nephew of the Campeador!
 These and the rest
 as many as are there,
 support the banner
 and my Cid the Campeador.

38

Minaya in danger. The Cid wounds Fáriz

They have killed the horse from under
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez,
 hosts of Christians
 charge to his aid.
 His lance is broken
 his sword in his hand,
 even afoot
 he deals great blows.
 Ruy Díaz, the Castillian,
 My Cid, saw him;
 he rode up on a Moorish lord
 who had a good horse,
 struck so with his sword
 with his right arm,

he broke in pieces
the rubies of his helmet,
he split the helmet
cut into the flesh;
the other dared not wait
you may know, for another.
King Fáriz and King Galve
and their armies are routed;
it is a great day
for Christendom,
for the Moors flee
on either hand.
My Cid's vassals
ride in pursuit,
King Fáriz
has gone into Terror,
as for Galve
they would not receive him;
toward Calatayud
he rode on at full speed.
The Campeador
rode in pursuit,
they continued the chase
as far as Calatayud.

40

*Minaya's vow is fulfilled. The loot from the battle. The Cid
puts aside a present for the king*

The horse ran well
under Minaya Álgar Fáñez,
he killed thirty-four
of those Moors;
his sword cut deep
his arm was crimson,

the blood dripped

down from his elbow.

Minaya said:

‘My vow is fulfilled,

the news will travel

into Castille

that my Cid Ruy Díaz

has won in pitched battle.’

So many Moors lie dead

few are left living.

Pursuing without pause

they struck them down.

Already his men turn back

his who in good hour was born.

He rode, my Cid

on his fine horse,

his skull-cap pushed back

God, how splendid his beard!

his mailed hood on his shoulders

his sword in his hand.

He saw his men

as they were returning:

‘Thanks be to God

who is in heaven,

that we have triumphed

in such a battle.’

My Cid’s men

have sacked the Moors’ encampment

seized shields and arms

and much else of value;

when they had brought them in

they found they had taken

five hundred and ten

Moorish horses.

There was great joy

among those Christians,

not more than fifteen
 of their men were missing.
They bear so much gold and silver
 they do not know how much there is.
All those Christians
 were made rich
with the spoils
 that had fallen to them.
They have called back the Moors
 who lived in the castle,
my Cid ordered
 that even they should be given something.
My Cid rejoiced greatly
 and all his men.
He bade them divide the money
 and those great spoils;
in the Cid's fifth
 there were a hundred horses.
God, they were well content
 all his vassals,
both the foot-soldiers
 and they who rode horses!
He who in good hour was born
 deals with them justly,
all who came with him
 are well contented.
‘Hear me, Minaya
 who are my right arm!
Take from this treasure
 which the Creator has given,
as much as may please you
 take it with your own hand.
I wish to send you
 to Castille with the news
of this battle
 which we have won;

I would send
 a gift of thirty horses
 to King Alfonso
 whose anger is turned against me,
 each with its saddle
 and lavishly bridled,
 each with a sword
 slung from the saddle-tree.'
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez
 said: 'I will do that gladly.'

41

The Cid pays what he had offered to the cathedral of Burgos

'Here I have
 gold and fine silver,
 a bootful
 and the boot brimming over;
 in Santa María of Burgos
 pay for a thousand Masses;
 give what is left over
 to my wife and daughters,
 ask them to pray for me
 by night and by day;
 they will command riches
 if I live.'

42

Minaya leaves for Castille

Minaya Álvar Fáñez
 is well pleased with this;
 the men are named
 who will go with him.

Now they give the beasts barley
already the night has come,
my Cid Ruy Díaz
confers with his men:

43

The Farewell

‘Are you on your way, Minaya
to Castille the noble?
When you meet our friends
you may say to them:
God gave us aid
and we won the battle.
When you come back
if we are not here,
when you learn where we are
follow us there.
Lances and swords
must be our shelter,
or else, on this meagre earth
we cannot live,
and for that same reason
I think we must move on.’

44

The Cid sells Alcocer to the Moors

All is made ready
Minaya will depart in the morning,
and the Campeador
stayed there with his men.
The land is poor
gaunt and barren.
Every day
Moors from the frontier

'Are you leaving us, my Cid
our prayers go before you,
we are well content, sire
with what you have done.'
When my Cid of Bivar
left Alcocer,
the Moors and their women
fell to weeping.
He raised the banner
the Campeador departs,
rode down the Jalón
spurred forward,
as they left the Jalón
there were many birds of good omen.
The departure pleased those of Terrer
and still more those of Calatayud,
it grieved those of Alcocer
for he had done much for them.
My Cid spurred his horse
and rode on
and halted on a hill
near Monreal;
high is that hill
great and wonderful;
it fears no attack
you may know, from any side.
From Daroca onwards
he forced them to pay tribute,
as far as Molina
on the other side,
and a third town, Teruel
which is farther on;
he brought under his hand
Cella of the Canal.

47

*Minaya arrives before the King. The King pardons Minaya,
but not the Cid*

My Cid Ruy Díaz

God give him grace!

Álvar Fáñez Minaya

has gone to Castille;

thirty horses

he gave to the King;

the King smiled with pleasure

when he saw them:

‘Who gave you these

as God may save you, Minaya?’

‘My Cid Ruy Díaz

who in good hour girded on sword.

When you had banished him

he took Alcocer by a ruse;

the King of Valencia

sent a message

bidding them surround him

and they cut off his water.

My Cid went out of the castle

and fought in the field

and overcame two kings of the Moors

in that battle.

Enormous, sire

are the spoils he has taken.

He sends this gift

to you, honoured king;

he kisses your feet

and both your hands,

and begs mercy of you

in the name of the Creator.’

The King said:

‘It is early in the day

at the end of three weeks

to receive into one's favour

one who was banished

having lost his lord's love.

But I shall take this gift

since it comes from the Moors:

I am pleased that the Cid

has taken such spoils.

Above all

I forgive you, Minaya,

I return to you freely

your lands and honours,

come and go

henceforth in my favour;

but of the Cid Campeador

I will say nothing.'

48

The King allows the Castillians to go with the Cid

'And furthermore, Álgvar Fáñez

concerning this,

in all my kingdom

those good and valiant,

who wish to go

to aid my Cid,

I shall not forbid them

nor seize their possessions.'

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

kissed his hands:

'Thanks, thanks, my King

and natural lord;

you concede this now

later you will grant more;

with God's aid we shall do

such things as shall persuade you.'

The King said: 'Minaya

enough has been said.

Go through Castille

unmolested,

return at your liberty

to my Cid.'

49

*The Cid's raids from El Poyo. Minaya, with two hundred
Castillians, returns to the Cid*

I would tell you of him

who in good hour girded on sword:

by the cliff of El Poyo

he set up his camp;

as long as there are Moors

and Christian people,

it will be called

The Chair of My Cid.

While he was there

he plundered much of the country.

All the Martín valley

he forced to pay tribute.

The news of him went

to Zaragoza,

and does not please the Moors

it grieves them sorely.

Fully fifteen weeks

my Cid stayed there,

when it was clear to my Cid

that Minaya delayed,

he took all his men

and marched by night;

he left El Poyo

abandoned the place;

beyond Teruel

Don Rodrigo passed,
in the pine grove of Tévar

Ruy Díaz pitched his camp;
he overran

all the country around there,
and made them pay tribute

as far as Zaragoza.

At the end of three weeks

when this was done,

Minaya came

out of Castille,
two hundred with him

all with swords girded;
and of foot-soldiers, you may know

there were great numbers.

When my Cid

set eyes on Minaya
he spurs his horse

rides forward to embrace him,
he kissed his mouth

and the eyes in his face.

All was told to him

nothing left hidden.

The Campeador

smiled with pleasure:

'Thanks be to God

and his holy virtues;

as long as you live

I shall prosper, Minaya!'

50

The joy of the exiles at receiving news from Castille

God, how they rejoiced
all that company,
that Minaya Álvaro Fáñez
had returned thus
bringing them greetings
from cousins and brothers,
and from the families
they had left behind!

51

The joy of the Cid. (Parallel passage)

God, how he rejoices
he, bearded handsomely,
because Álvar Fáñez
had paid the thousand Masses,
and had given greetings
to his wife and his daughters!
God, the Cid was pleased
and rejoiced!

'Ah, Álvar Fáñez
may you live many days!
You are worth more than us all
you have done your mission so well!'

52

The Cid raids the countryside of Alcañiz

He who in good hour was born
did not delay,
he took two hundred knights
chose them with his own hand

56

The Cid tries in vain to calm the Count

The count is a great braggart

and spoke foolishly:

‘My Cid of Bivar

inflicts great losses on me.

He offended me once

in my own court:

he struck my nephew

and gave no reparation;

now he sacks the lands

under my protection;

I have never affronted him

nor withdrawn my friendship,

but since he seeks me out

I shall force him to a reckoning.’

Great are his armies

they assemble with speed,

Moors and Christians

all gather about him

and ride forward

toward my good Cid of Bivar;

three days and two nights

still they rode on,

and came to my Cid

in the pine grove of Tévar;

they come in such numbers

they think to take him into their hands.

My Cid Don Rodrigo

bringing great spoils,

came down from a mountain

into a valley.

The message arrives

from Count Ramón;

when my Cid heard it

he sent back an answer:

‘Tell the Count

not to take it amiss,

I have nothing of his

tell him to let me alone.’

The Count answered:

‘That is not the truth!

Now he shall pay me all

from now and from before;

he shall learn, this outcast

whom he has dishonoured.’

The messenger returned

at his full speed.

Thereupon my Cid

of Bivar understood,

that he could not leave that place

without a battle.

57

The Cid's speech to his men

‘Now, knights

set the spoils to one side;

arm yourselves quickly

put on your armour;

the Count Don Ramón

seeks a great battle,

he has with him multitudes

of Moors and Christians,

without a battle

on no account will he let us go.

If we go on they will follow us

let the battle be here;

cinch tight the saddles

and arm yourselves.

They are coming downhill
all of them in breeches;
their saddles are flat
and the girths are loose;
we shall ride with Galician saddles
with boots over our hose;
with a hundred knights
we should overcome their host.
Before they reach the plain
let us greet them with lances;
for every one that you strike
three saddles will be emptied.
Ramón Berenguer will see
whom he has come seeking
to-day in the pine grove of Tévar
to take back the spoils from me.'

58

The Cid wins the battle and the sword Colada

When my Cid had spoken
all made ready;
they have taken up their arms
and mounted their horses.
They saw the Catalans
descending the slope;
when they came near the foot of the hill
where it joins the plain,
my Cid who in good hour was born
called to his men to attack
his knights charged forward
with a will
skilfully handling
their pennons and lances,
wounding some
and unhorsing the rest.

He who was born in good hour
has won the battle.
He has taken prisoner
the Count Ramón;
he has taken the sword Colada
worth more than a thousand marks.

59

The Count of Barcelona prisoner. His intention to die of hunger

Thus he won the battle
and honour to his beard,
took the Count prisoner
and brought him to his tent;
and ordered his servants
to mount guard upon him.
He went at once
out of the tent again,
from all sides
his men came together;
my Cid was pleased
with the great spoils they had taken.
For my Cid Don Rodrigo
they prepared a great banquet;
the Count Don Ramón
takes no interest in this;
they bear him food
they brought it before him,
he will not eat it
he rebuffed them all:
'I will not eat a mouthful
for all the wealth in Spain,
I will abandon my body first
and give up the ghost,
since ill-shod outcasts
have beaten me in battle.'

60

The Cid promises the Count his freedom

As for my Cid Ruy Díaz

you will hear what he said:

'Count, eat this bread

and drink this wine.

If you do as I say

I shall set you free.

if not, for the rest of your days

you will never see Christendom.'

61

The Count refuses

'Eat, if you please, Don Rodrigo

and lie down and rest.

I would rather die

I will eat nothing.'

They could not persuade him

until the third day;

they continued to make division

of the great spoils they had taken,

but they could not make him eat

a morsel of bread.

62

*The Cid repeats his promise to the Count. He sets the Count free
and bids him farewell*

My Cid commanded:

'Count, eat something,

for unless you eat

you will see no Christian soul;

if you eat

to satisfy me,

I shall set free
 out of my hand
you, Count
 and two of your knights.'
When the Count heard this
 he felt more joyful:
 'Cid, if you do
 as you have promised,
as long as I live
 I will marvel at it.'
 'Then eat, Count
 and when you have eaten,
I shall set you at liberty
 and the two knights besides.
But of all that which you lost
 and I won on the field,
you may know, I will not give you
 so much as one wretched farthing;
I need it for my men
 who share my pauperdom.
We keep alive
 by taking from you and from others:
and while it pleases our Heavenly Father
 we shall continue thus,
as one must who is out of favour
 and exiled from his country.'

 The Count was joyful
 he asked for water for his hands
and they brought it before him
 at once and gave it to him.
And with the two knights
 whom the Cid had promised him
the Count begins to eat
 God, he ate with a will!
He who was born in good hour
 sat beside him:

‘Unless you eat well, Count
and to my full satisfaction,
you will remain here
we shall not part from each other.’
The Count said: ‘I will eat
I will eat with a will.’
With those two knights
he eats quickly.
My Cid, sitting there watching
is well pleased
because the Count Don Ramón
proved so expert a trencherman;
‘If it pleases you, my Cid
we are ready to go;
tell them to give us our beasts
and we shall ride at once:
I have not eaten so heartily
since I have been a count;
the pleasure of that meal
will not be forgotten.’
They were given three palfreys
all with fine saddles,
and rich garments
fur tunics and cloaks.
The Count Don Ramón
entered between his two knights,
the Castillian rode with them
to the end of the encampment:
‘Now depart from us, Count
a free Catalan,
I extend you my thanks
for what you have left me.
If it should occur to you
to wish vengeance,
and come seeking me
let me know beforehand,

and either you will leave something of yours
or bear off something of mine.’

‘Be at peace, my Cid
on that account.

I have paid you tribute
for all this year;

I have no intention
of coming to seek you.’

63

The Count mistrustfully departs. The wealth of the exiles
The Count spurred his horse
and rode forward,
turning his head
and looking behind him
for fear that the Cid
might change his mind,
which that perfect one would not have done
for the world's wealth
for in all his life
he had done no treachery.
The Count is gone
he of Bivar turned back,
returned to his vassals
God, how great was their rejoicing,
for great and wonderful
was the booty they had won,
his men are so rich
they cannot count all that they have.

THE SECOND CANTAR

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CID'S DAUGHTERS

64

The Cid proceeds against the domain of Valencia

Here begins the story

of my Cid of Bivar.

My Cid has made his camp

by the Pass of Olocau

he has left Zaragoza

and the country there,

he has left Huesca

and the lands of Montalbán.

He has carried his war

toward the salt sea;

the sun comes from the east

he turned to that direction.

My Cid took Jérica

and Onda and Almenara,

and he has overrun

all the lands of Burriana.

65

The taking of Murviedro

The Creator aided him

the Lord in heaven.

And by that means

he took Murviedro;

75

My Cid knew well
that God was his strength.
There was great fear
in the city of Valencia.

66

The Moors of Valencia surround the Cid. He assembles his men. His speech

It grieves those of Valencia
 know they are not pleased,
they took counsel
 and came to besiege him.
They rode all night
 next day at dawn
around Murviedro
 they set up their tents.
My Cid saw them
 and exclaimed:
'Thanks be to Thee
 Father who art in heaven!
We ride through their lands
 and do them mischief,
we drink their wine
 and eat their bread;
if they come to besiege us
 they are within their rights.
We shall not leave here
 without a battle;
send out the messages
 to those who should aid us,
some in Jérica
 and others in Olocau,
from there to Onda
 and to Almenara,
and to those of Burriana
 bid them come here.

68

Minaya gives the plan of battle. The Cid wins another pitched battle. The taking of Cebolla

Hear Minaya Álvar Fáñez

what he had to say:

‘Campeador

let us do as you will.

Give me a hundred knights

I ask for no more:

you with the rest

ride to the attack.

You will strike them hard

I have no doubt,

I with the hundred

will charge from another side,

as I trust in God

the field will be ours.’

The Campeador was much pleased

with what he had said.

It was morning

and they set to arm,

each of them knows well

what he must do.

When the dawn came

my Cid rides to attack them:

‘In the name of the Creator

and of Saint James the Apostle,

charge into them, knights

with all your hearts,

I am Ruy Díaz

my Cid of Bivar!’

You would have seen

so many tent-cords snapped,

the poles wrenched out

the canvas collapsing.

The Moors are many
and begin to recover.

Álvar Fáñez
rode in from another side:
hard against their wills
they were forced to flee,
on foot or on horses
those who could escaped.
In that chase they killed
two kings of the Moors,
they continued the pursuit
as far as Valencia.

My Cid
has taken great spoils;
they despoiled the camp
and start to return,
they entered Murviedro
with those spoils they bear;
great is the rejoicing
in that town.
They have taken Cebolla
and all that lies beyond it;
they are frightened in Valencia
they do not know what to do;
know, the fame of my Cid
has gone everywhere.

69

The Cid's raids to the south of Valencia

His fame goes re-echoing
even beyond the sea:
my Cid rejoiced
and all his company,
because God had given him aid
and he had routed them there.

He sent out raiders
all night they rode,
they came to Cullera
and to Játiva,
and below there
to the town of Denia.
They destroyed the lands of the Moors
as far as the seashore.
They took Benicadell
its exits and entrances.

70

The Cid in Benicadell

When the Cid Campeador
had taken Benicadell,
they are grieved in Játiva
and those in Cullera,
as for Valencia
its dismay is boundless.

71

The conquest of the entire region of Valencia

Seizing and despoiling
riding at night
sleeping in the day-time
taking those towns
my Cid spent three years
in the lands of the Moors.

72

*The Cid lays siege to Valencia. He sends heralds among the
Christians announcing the war*

And he has chastised severely
those of Valencia,
they do not dare leave the city
nor meet him in battle;
he has laid waste their farmlands
and brought havoc among them,
every year of these three
my Cid deprived them of bread.
They grieve in Valencia
not knowing what to do.
They cannot obtain
bread from anywhere;
the father cannot help his son
nor the son his father,
friend and friend
cannot console each other.
Great hardship it is, sirs
to be without bread,
to see children and women
dying of hunger.
And they see their affliction growing
that there is no remedy,
and they have sent word
to the King of Morocco;
he was so deep in war
with the King of Montes Claros,
that he neither sent to advise them
nor came to their rescue.
My Cid learned of this
it gladdened his heart.
He went out from Murviedro
one night and rode all night,

he appeared at daybreak

in the lands of Monreal.

He sent forth a herald

to Aragón and Navarre,

he sent his messages

to the lands of Castille:

'Whoever would leave

his toil and grow rich.

let him come to my Cid

whose taste is for fighting,

he would lay siege to Valencia

to give it to the Christians.'

73

Repetition of the announcement

'Whoever will come with me

to besiege Valencia,

—let all come freely

and no one against his will—

I shall wait three days for him

by the Canal of Cella.'

74

Those who responded to the herald. The siege and entry of Valencia

This he spoke, my Cid

the loyal Campeador.

He returned to Murviedro

which he had already taken.

The cries went out

you may know, in all directions,

at the odour of riches

they do not wish to delay.

great numbers gather to him
from good Christendom.
The fame of him resounds
in every direction;
more flock to my Cid
you may know, than go from him,
and his wealth increases
my Cid's of Bivar;
when he saw so many assembled
he rejoiced.
My Cid Don Rodrigo
did not wish to delay,
he set out for Valencia
and will attack them,
my Cid besieges it closely
there was no escape;
he permits no one
to enter or depart.
He gave them a term of grace
if any would come and save them
Nine full months
his tents surrounded them,
when the tenth began
they were forced to surrender.
Great is the rejoicing
in that place
when my Cid took Valencia
and entered the city.
Those who had gone on foot
became knights on horses;
and who could count
the gold and the silver?
All were rich
as many as were there.
My Cid Don Rodrigo
sent for his fifth of the spoils,

in coined money alone

thirty thousand marks fell to him,

and the other riches

who could count them?

My Cid rejoiced

and all who were with him.

when his flag flew from the top

of the Moorish palace.

75

The King of Seville tries to retake Valencia

Then my Cid rested

and all his men:

the news came

to the King of Seville,

that Valencia was taken

there had been no help for it,

he set out to attack it

with thirty thousand armed men.

Beyond the farmlands

they joined battle,

my Cid of the long beard

routed them there.

As far as Játiva

the pursuit went on.

crossing the Júcar

you would have seen them struck down.

Moors caught in the current

forced to drink water.

That King of Seville

escaped with three wounds.

My Cid returned

with all his gains.

Great were the spoils of Valencia

when they took that city,

those from this victory

you may know, were still richer;
to the least among them

fell a hundred marks of silver.

You can see how the fame

of this warrior has grown.

76

The Cid leaves his beard untrimmed. The wealth of the Cid's men

There is great rejoicing

among all those Christians

with my Cid Ruy Díaz

who in good hour was born.

His beard grows on him

it grows longer upon him,

these words my Cid

spoke of it with his mouth:

'For love of King Alfonso

who sent me into exile'

no scissors shall touch it

nor one hair be cut.

and let Moors and Christians

all tell of this.

My Cid Don Rodrigo

is resting in Valencia.

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

does not leave his side.

Those who came with him into exile

have all grown rich.

The renowned Campeador

gave them all, in Valencia,

houses and fiefs

with which they are satisfied;

they all have tasted

of the Cid's generosity.

Those who joined him later
are content also.

My Cid knows
that with the gains they have taken,
if they might depart now
they would go gladly.

My Cid commanded
as Minaya had advised him:
that no man among them
who with him had gained anything
should leave without bidding farewell
and kissing his hand,
or else he would seize him again
wherever he might be hidden,
and take from him everything
and hang him on a gallows.

Behold all this
was put in good order;
He is talking things over
with Minaya Álvar Fáñez:
'If you please, Minaya
I should like to know
how many are with me here
and have received of the spoils
I would have them all counted
and set down in writing,
so that if anyone hide
or anyone is missing,
his possessions may be returned to me
by those vassals of mine
who guard Valencia
keeping watch around it.
Then Minaya said:
'That is well advised.'

77

*The numbering of the Cid's followers. He arranges to send a new
present to the King*

He bade them all come to the court
and gather together,
when they had come
he numbered them all:
three thousand six hundred
were under my Cid of Bivar;
his heart was pleased
and he began to smile:
'God be praised, Minaya
and Santa María his mother!
With less than these we rode out
from the gate at Bivar.
And now riches are ours
and more shall be ours hereafter.
'If you please, Minaya
and it would not burden you,
I would send you to Castille
where our lands are,
to King Alfonso
my natural lord;
out of these my gains
which we have taken here,
I would give him a hundred horses
I would have you take them;
kiss his hand for me
and urgently beg him
that he, of his grace, may allow me
to bring from there
Doña Jimena, my wife,
and my daughters.
I will send for them
know, this is the message:

my Cid's wife

and his daughters, his heirs,
in such wise shall be sent for

that with great honour they will come
to these foreign lands

which we have taken.'

Then Minaya said:

'I will do it gladly.'

When they had spoken this

they began to make ready.

My Cid gave a hundred men

to Álvaro Fáñez

to serve him on the way

and do his will,

and he sent a thousand marks

of silver to San Pedro,

five hundred of them to be given

to the Abbot Don Sancho.

78

Don Jerome arrives in Valencia

While they were rejoicing

at this news,

out of the east

came a cleric

the Bishop Don Jerome

is his name,

learned in letters

and with much wisdom,

and a ready warrior

on foot or on horse.

He came inquiring

of the Cid's brave deeds,

sighing to see himself

with the Moors in the field,

saying: if he should weary
of fighting them with his hands,
let no Christian mourn him
all the days of this world.
When my Cid heard this
he was well pleased:
'Hear, Minaya Álvaro Fáñez
by him who is in heaven,
when God would give us aid
let us heartily thank him for it:
I would ordain a bishopric
in the lands of Valencia,
I would give it
to this good Christian;
take the good news
when you go to Castille.'

79

Don Jerome ordained bishop

Álvaro Fáñez was pleased
 with what Don Rodrigo said.
 That same Don Jerome
 they ordained bishop;
 they arranged that he might live
 richly in Valencia.
 God, how great was the rejoicing
 of all those Christians,
 for in the lands of Valencia
 there was a lord bishop!
 Minaya was joyful
 and bade farewell and set out.

80

Minaya goes to Carrión

Leaving the lands of Valencia
lying in peace,
Minaya Álvar Fáñez
rode towards Castille,
I do not wish to recount
all the places where he paused.
He asked for King Alfonso
asked where he might find him.
The King had gone to Sahagun
only shortly before,
and thence to Carrión
and there he might find him.
Minaya Álvar Fáñez
was pleased to hear this,
he rode toward that place
with the gifts he had brought.

81

Minaya greets the King

Just as King Alfonso
had come out from Mass,
Behold where Minaya Álvar Fánñez
arrives most opportunely:
he knelt down on his knees
before all the people,
he fell down in great sorrow
at the feet of King Alfonso,
he kissed the King's hands
and spoke with all eloquence:

*Minaya's speech to the King. The envy of García Ordóñez.
The King pardons the Cid's family. The Counts of Carrión
covet the Cid's riches*

'Grace, Lord Alfonso
for the love of the Creator!
My Cid the warrior
kisses your hands,
kisses your feet and your hands
as his duty to so good a lord,
and may you grant him grace
as the Creator may bless you!
You sent him from your lands
he is without your favour;
none the less, in foreign lands
he manages well:
he has taken Jérica
and the place called Onda,
and seized Almenara
and Murviedro, which is larger,
likewise he took Cebolla
and Castejón, farther on,
and Benicadell
which is a strong hill;
and besides all these
he is lord of Valencia,
the good Campeador
has ordained a bishop with his own hands,
fought five pitched battles
and triumphed in them all.
Great are the gains
the Creator has given him,
here are the proofs
that it is the truth I tell you:
a hundred horses
strong-limbed and swift,

each one provided

with saddle and bridle,

he kisses your hands

and begs you to accept them;

he calls himself your vassal

and regards you as his lord.'

The King raised his right hand

and crossed himself:

'St Isidore bless me

my heart is pleased

with the vast spoils

the Cid has taken!

And I am pleased with the deeds

the Campeador has done;

I accept these horses

which he sends as a gift.'

Though it pleased the king

it grieved García Ordóñez:

'It seems that in the lands of the Moors

there is no man living,

since the Cid Campeador

thus does as he pleases.'

The King said to the Count:

'Leave off such talk,

in whatever he does

he serves me better than you do.'

Then manfully

Minaya spoke:

'The Cid begs of your grace

if it meet your pleasure,

that his wife Doña Jimena

and both his daughters

may leave the monastery

where he left them,

and go to Valencia

to the good Campeador.'

Then the King said:

'It pleases my heart;

I shall provide them with escort

while they go through my lands,

and keep them from harm and grievance

and from dishonour:

and when these ladies have come

to the end of my lands,

then you and the Campeador

take care to guard them.

Hear me, my vassals

and all my court!

I would not have the Campeador

lose anything;

and as for all those vassals

who call him lord.

whom I disinherited

I return to them all that they had;

let them keep their inheritances

while they serve the Campeador.

and I free their bodies

from threat of injury,

all this I do

that they may serve their lord.'

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

kissed him on the hands.

The King smiled

and spoke thus sweetly:

'Those who wish to go

to serve the Campeador

have my leave

and may the Creator bless them.

We shall gain more by this

than by disaffection.'

Then the Heirs of Carrión

spoke between themselves:

‘We have been your friends in all things
now be friend to us!
give our greetings

to my Cid of Bivar,
we shall serve him in all things
as well as we may;
the Cid will lose nothing
by being friendly towards us.'

Minaya answered: 'Your message
will not weigh heavy on me.'

Minaya has ridden on
and the Heirs turn back.
He rode towards San Pedro
where the ladies are,
great was their joy
when they saw him appear.

Minaya has dismounted
and prays to San Pedro.

When the prayer ended
he turned to the ladies.

‘I humble myself before you
Doña Jimena,
may God keep you
and both your daughters from evil.

My Cid sends you greetings
from where he is;

I left him in health
and with great riches.

The King, in his grace
 has set you free,
so that you may come to Valencia
 which is ours for inheritance.

If the Cid might see you well and without harm,
all would be joy and he would grieve no longer.'

Doña Jimena said:

‘May the Creator will it so!’

Minaya Álvaro Fáñez

chose three knights

and sent them to my Cid

in Valencia where he is:

‘Say to the Campeador

—whom may God keep from harm—

that the king has set free

his wife and daughters,

while we are in his lands

he will provide us with escort.

Within fifteen days

if God keep us from harm,

we shall be with him

I and his wife and his daughters

and all their good ladies with them

as many as are here.’

The knights have set out

and will take care to do this.

Minaya Álvaro Fáñez

remained in San Pedro.

You would have seen knights

ride in from all directions,

wishing to go to Valencia

to my Cid of Bivar,

asking Álvaro Fáñez

to aid them in this;

Minaya saying:

‘I shall do so gladly.’

Sixty-five warriors

have assembled with him there,

besides the hundred

whom he had brought with him;

they made a fine escort

to go with these ladies.

Minaya gave the Abbot

the five hundred marks;

I must tell what he did

with the other five hundred.

The good Minaya

took thought to provide

Doña Jimena

and her daughters there,

and the other ladies

who served them and went before them,

with the finest garments

to be found in Burgos,

and with palfreys and mules

that their appearance might be seemly.

When he had thus

decked out these ladies.

the good Minaya

made ready to ride;

when behold Raquel and Vidas

who fall at his feet:

'Grace, Minaya

worthy knight!

The Cid has undone us

you may know, if he will not aid us;

we shall ignore the interest

if he give back the capital.'

—‘I shall speak of it with the Cid

if God will take me there.

You will be well rewarded

for all you have done.'

Raquel and Vidas said:

‘May the Creator will it so!’

If not, we shall leave Burgos

and go to seek him in Valencia.'

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

has gone to San Pedro,

many gathered about him

he made ready to ride,

their sorrow is great

at the parting from the Abbot:

'The Creator keep you

Minaya Álvar Fáñez!

In my name kiss the hands

of the Campeador,

let him not forget

this monastery;

all the days of the world

as he may give it aid,

the Cid Campeador

will increase in honour.'

Minaya answered:

'I shall tell him gladly.'

They bid farewell

and ride forward,

the King's herald with them

to be at their service;

through the lands of the King

they were well escorted.

They go in five days

from San Pedro to Medinaceli;

behold them in Medinaceli

the ladies and Álvar Fáñez.

I shall tell you of the knights

who took the message;

when my Cid of Bivar

heard the news

it pleased his heart

and he rejoiced;

and in these words

he began to speak:

'He who sends a good messenger

may expect good news.

You, Muño Gustioz
and Pedro Bermúdez,
and Martín Antolínez
loyal man of Burgos,
and you, Bishop Don Jerome
honoured cleric,
ride with a hundred
armed as though for battle,
ride forward
through Santa María,
to Molina
which is farther on,
Abengalbón is lord there
my friend, at peace with me,
he is certain to join you
with another hundred knights;
ride toward Medinaceli
at your best speed,
my wife and my daughters
with Minaya Álvar Fáñez,
you will find there
as I have been told;
conduct them here before me
with great honour.
And I shall stay in Valencia
whose conquest was costly;
it would be great folly
to abandon it now;
I shall stay in Valencia
which is my inheritance.'
When this was said
they make ready to ride,
and as far as they can
they ride on without resting.
They passed Santa María
and lodged at Bronchales,

then another day's riding
and they slept in Molina.
When the Moor Abengalbón
knew of the message,
he rode out to receive them
with great rejoicing:
'Have you come, vassals
of my dear friend?
It does not sadden me
believe me, it fills me with joy!'
Muño Gustioz spoke
he waited for no one:
'My Cid sent you greetings
and asked you to provide us
with a hundred knights
to ride with us at once;
his wife and his daughters
are in Medinaceli;
he would have you go
and escort them here,
and not go from them
as far as Valencia.'
Abengalbón said:
'I will do it gladly.'
That night he served them
a great banquet.
In the morning
they made ready to ride.
They had asked for a hundred
but he came with two hundred.
They ride into the mountains
which are wild there and high,
and they pass
Mata de Taranz,
riding in such manner
that none feels fear,

by the valley of Arbujuelo

they begin to descend.

Close guard is mounted

in Medinaceli;

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

seeing them come armed,

was alarmed, and sent two knights

to find out the truth;

at this they did not delay

for they were eager to know;

the one stayed and the other

turned back to Álvar Fáñez:

'Forces of the Campeador

have come to find us;

behold, there at their head

is Pedro Bermúdez,

and Muño Gustioz

your unfailing friend,

and Martín Antolínez

who was born in Burgos,

and the Bishop Don Jerome

the loyal cleric,

and the Alcaid Abengalbón

and his forces with him,

for the love of my Cid

and to do him honour;

they are all riding together

now they are about to arrive.'

Then Minaya said:

'Let us mount and ride.'

They did so at once

without delay.

All the hundred rode out

the sight of them was splendid,

mounted on good horses

caparisoned with sendal,

84

*The travellers rest in Medinaceli. They leave Medinaceli for
Molina. They arrive near Valencia*

Álvar Fáñez Minaya

smiles at these words:

'Greetings, Abengalbón

unfailing friend!

If God allow me to reach the Cid

and this soul may see him,

you will lose nothing

for this that you have done.

Come rest for the night with us

for a banquet is spread.'

Abengalbón said:

'This courtesy delights me;

before three days have passed

I shall return it to you twofold.'

They entered Medinaceli

Minaya saw to their comfort,

all were well pleased

with the care that was shown them,

the King's herald

bade farewell and left them;

the Cid was honoured

far off in Valencia

by such pomp and celebration

as were seen in Medinaceli;

the King paid for it all

and Minaya owed no one.

The night has passed

and morning has come,

and Mass is heard

and then they mounted.

They rode out of Medinaceli
and passed the Jalón,
up the river Arbujuelo
they spurred without pausing;
then they passed by
the plains of Taranz,
they came to Molina
where Abengalbón was lord.
The Bishop Don Jerome
a good Christian without fault,
guarded the ladies
day and night;
with a good war-horse on his right
which rode ahead of his weapons.
He and Álvar Fáñez
rode together.
They have entered Molina
a rich and goodly town;
the Moor Abengalbón
without fail served them well,
there was no lack
of all they might desire,
even their horses
he shod newly;
and Minaya and the ladies
God, how he honoured them!
The next day in the morning
they mounted again,
as far as Valencia
without fail he served them;
the Moor spent his own
and would take nothing from them.
Amid such rejoicings
and tidings of honour
they came within three leagues
of Valencia.

and to lead him his horse Babieca
which he had taken lately
from that king of Seville
when he had defeated him.
My Cid, who in good hour girded sword
had not yet ridden him,
nor learned whether he were swift
and answered the reins well;
at the gate of Valencia
where it was safe,
he wished to bear arms
before his wife and daughters.
The ladies were received
with great honour,
the Bishop Don Jerome
entered ahead of them,
and dismounted
and went to the chapel;
with as many as he might muster
who were ready in time,
dressed in surplices
and with crosses of silver,
he went out to receive the ladies
and the good Minaya.
He who was born in good hour
did not delay:
he put on his silk tunic
his long beard flowed free;
they saddled for him Babieca
fastened the caparisons,
my Cid rode out upon him
bearing wooden arms,
on the horse they called
Babieca he rides,
rides at a gallop
it was a wonder to watch,

when he had ridden one round

everyone marvelled;

from that day Babieca

was famous through all Spain.

When he had ridden

my Cid dismounted,

he went up to his wife

and his two daughters;

when Doña Jimena saw him

she fell at his feet:

'Grace, Campeador

who in good hour girded sword!

You have delivered me

from much vile shame;

here am I, sire

I and both your daughters,

with God's help and yours

they are good and well brought up.'

He took his wife in his arms

and then his daughters,

such was his joy

the tears flowed from his eyes.

All his vassals

were filled with jubilation,

they jousting with arms

and rode at targets.

Hear what he said

who in good hour girded sword:

'You, Doña Jimena

my honoured and dear wife,

and both my daughters

my heart and my soul,

enter with me

the town of Valencia,

the inheritance

which I have won for you.'

Mother and daughters

kissed his hands.

They entered Valencia

with great celebration.

87

The ladies see Valencia from the palace

My Cid and they

went to the fortress.

there he led them up

to the highest place.

Then fair eyes

gaze out on every side,

they see Valencia

the city, as it lies,

and turning the other way

their eyes behold the sea,

they look on the farmlands

wide, and thick with green,

and all the other things

which gave delight;

they raised their hands

to give thanks to God,

for all that bounty

so vast and so splendid.

My Cid and his vassals

lived in great content.

The winter has gone

and March has begun.

I would tell you news

from across the sea,

from that King Yúsuf

who is in Morocco.

88

The King of Morocco comes to lay siege to Valencia

The King of Morocco was troubled
because of my Cid Don Rodrigo:
'for in lands that are mine
he has trespassed gravely,
and gives thanks for it to no one
save Jesus Christ.'

That King of Morocco
assembled his nobles;
fifty times a thousand armed men
gathered under him,
they have embarked on the sea
they have entered into the ships,
they leave for Valencia
to find my Cid Don Rodrigo.
The ships have entered harbour
the men have come forth on land.

89

They arrived at Valencia
which my Cid conquered,
the unbelievers have made camp
they have pitched their tents.
The news of this
has come to my Cid.

90

The Cid's joy at seeing the Moroccan hosts. Jimena's fear

‘Thanks be to the Creator
and to the Heavenly Father!
All that I own
is here before me:

with toil I took Valencia

for my inheritance,

as long as I live

I will not leave it;

thanks be to the Creator

and Santa María Mother,

that I have here with me

my wife and my daughters.

Delight has come to me

from the lands beyond the sea,

I shall arm myself

I cannot evade it,

my wife and my daughters

will see me in battle,

they will see in these foreign lands

how it is that houses are made,

and how we earn our bread

their eyes will be filled with the sight.'

He led his wife and daughters

up into the castle,

they raised their eyes

and saw the tents pitched:

'What is this, Cid

in the name of the Creator?'

'My honoured wife

let it not trouble you!

This is great and marvellous wealth

to be added unto us:

you have barely arrived here

and they send you gifts,

they bring the marriage portion

for the wedding of your daughters.'

—'I give thanks to you, Cid

and to our heavenly Father.'

—'Wife, stay here in the palace

here in the castle:

have no fear

when you see me fighting,
by the grace of God

and Santa María Mother,
my heart grows within me

because you will be watching;
with God's help I shall triumph
in this battle.'

91

*The Cid reassures his wife and daughters. The Moors invade the
farmlands of Valencia*

The tents are pitched
and the dawn comes,
with a quickening stroke
the Moors beat on the drums;
my Cid rejoiced and said:

'A day of delight is this!'

His wife is frightened
thinks her heart must shatter
the ladies are frightened also
and both the daughters:
they had not known such terror
since the day they were born.

He stroked his beard
the good Cid Campeador:
'Have no fear, for all this
is to your favour;
before these two weeks have gone
if it please the Creator,
we will have wrenched from them
those same drums;
they shall be fetched before you
and you shall see what they are,

then they shall be given

to the Bishop Don Jerome,

and hung in the church

of Santa María, Mother of God.'

This is the vow

the Cid Campeador made.

The ladies are reassured

and their fear goes from them.

The Moors of Morocco

ride out boldly,

without fear

they have entered the farmlands.

92

The Christians attack

The sentinel saw them

and rang the bell:

the vassals are ready

the men of Ruy Díaz,

they arm themselves with a will

and ride from the city.

Where they met the Moors

they charged them at once.

drove them from the farmlands

with much harsh treatment;

they killed five hundred of them

on that day.

93

The plan of battle

As far as the tents

they pursued them.

they have accomplished much

and they turn back.

Álvar Salvadórez

remained captive there.

Those who eat the Cid's bread

have returned to his side,

he saw it with his own eyes

yet they retell it,

my Cid is pleased

with what they have done:

'Hear me, knights, it must be thus

and not otherwise;

to-day has been a good day

to-morrow will be better:

be armed all of you

by the time day breaks,

the Bishop Don Jerome

will give us absolution,

he will sing us Mass

and then we shall ride;

in the name of the Creator

and of St James the Apostle

we shall attack them

thus it must be.

It is better that we should beat them

than that they should take our bread.'

Then all said: 'Willingly

and with all our hearts.'

Minaya spoke

he waited no longer:

'Since you wish it so, Cid,

send me another way;

give me for the battle

a hundred and thirty knights;

when you fall upon them

I shall attack from the other side;

on both sides, or one only

God will aid us.'

Then the Cid answered:

'I will do it gladly.'

94

The Cid concedes to the Bishop the right of striking the first blows

The day has gone

and the night come,

that Christian host

was not slow in making ready.

By the second cock-crow

before morning came,

the Bishop Don Jerome

sang them the Mass;

when the Mass was said

he gave them full absolution:

'He who may die here

fighting face to face,

I absolve of his sins

and God will receive his soul.

'Cid Don Rodrigo

who in good hour girded sword,

I sang Mass

for you this morning;

I crave a boon of you

I beg you to grant it:

I would have you let me strike

the first blows in the fight.'

The Campeador said:

'From this moment it is granted.'

The Christians sally to battle. The rout of Yûsuf. The enormous spoils. The Cid greets his wife and daughters. He settles dowries on Jimena's ladies. The division of the spoils

All have ridden out armed
from the Towers of Quarto,
my Cid giving full instructions
to his vassals.

They leave at the gates
men they can count on.

My Cid sprang
 onto his horse Babioca
which is splendidly caparisoned
 with all manner of ornaments.

They ride out with the banner
they ride out from Valencia,
four thousand less thirty
ride with my Cid,

gladly they go
to attack the fifty thousand;
Álvar Álvarez and Minaya
rode in from the other side.

As pleased the Creator
they overcame them.

My Cid used his lance
and then drew his sword,
he killed so many Moors
that the count was lost;

the blood dripped
down from his elbow.

He has struck King Yúsuf
three blows.

Yúsuf escaped from his sword
for he rode his horse hard,
and he sheltered in Gujera
a noble castle;
my Cid of Bivar
arrived there in pursuit
with those of his good vassals
who stay by his side.
And there he turned back
he who in good hour was born,
great was his joy
at what they had taken;
and there he knew the worth of Babieca
from head to tail.
All these spoils
remain in his hands.
A count was made
of the fifty thousand Moors
only a hundred and four
had escaped.
My Cid's vassals
have despoiled the field;
they found three thousand marks,
of mixed gold and silver
the other spoils
were beyond numbering.
My Cid was joyful
and all his vassals,
because God of His Grace
had given them triumph:
when they had thus routed
the King of Morocco,
my Cid left Álvar Fáñez
to attend to the rest;
with a hundred knights
he returned to Valencia,

he had his helmet off

and his hood drawn back,
thus he rode in on Babieca

his sword in his hand.

There he received the ladies

who were waiting for him;

my Cid reined in his horse

and stooped before them:

'I bow before you, ladies

great spoils I have won for you,

you kept Valencia for me

and I have won in the field;

this was the will of God

and of all His saints,

no sooner did you arrive

than they sent us great treasure.

You see the sword bloody

and the horse sweating:

thus it is

that one conquers Moors in the field.

Pray to the Creator

to grant me a few years' life,

you will grow in honour

and vassals will kiss your hands.

This my Cid spoke

dismounting from his horse.

When they saw him on foot

when he had dismounted

the ladies and the daughters

and the noble wife

all kneeled

before the Campeador:

'By your grace we are all that we are

may you live long!'

Then with him

they entered the palace

and sat with him

on the elaborate benches.

‘My wife Doña Jimena

have you not begged this of me?

These ladies you bring with you

who so well serve you,

I wish to marry them

with these vassals of mine;

to each of them

I give two hundred marks,

let it be known in Castille

whom it is they have served so well.

For your daughters, we shall come

to decide that at more leisure.’

All rose

and kissed his hands,

great was the rejoicing

in the palace.

And as the Cid had spoken

so it was done.

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

was abroad in the field

with all those men

counting and writing down;

as for tents and arms

and garments of value

it passed belief

what they found.

I will tell you

what was most important:

there was no counting

all the horses

who went without riders

and none to take them.

Even the Moors in the farmland

captured some;

and despite this there fell
to the famous Campeador
a thousand horses
of the best and best broken;
and when my Cid
received so many,
surely the others
were well required.
So many precious tents
and jewelled tent-poles
my Cid has taken
with all his vassals!
The tent of the King of Morocco
which surpasses all the others,
hangs on two tent-poles
wrought with gold;
my Cid commanded,
the famous Campeador,
that no Christian touch it
that it be left standing:
'Such a tent as this
which has come from Morocco,
I wish to send
to Alfonso the Castilian,
that he may believe the news
that my Cid has possessions.'
With all these riches
they have returned to Valencia.
The Bishop Don Jerome
the mitred man of great merit,
when he has finished fighting
with both his hands,
has lost count
of the Moors he has killed;
the spoils that fell to him
also were enormous;

my Cid Don Rodrigo

who was born in good hour,
has sent him a tithe
out of his own fifth.

96

The rejoicing of the Christians. The Cid sends a new present to the king

These Christian people
in Valencia rejoice
at their great wealth
at so many horses and weapons;
Doña Jimena is pleased
and her daughters,
and all the other ladies
who count themselves already married.
My good Cid
delayed for nothing:
'Where are you, worthy?
come here, Minaya;
for that which has fallen to you
you owed me no thanks;
I mean what I say
out of this fifth that is mine
take what you wish
and leave the rest for me.
And when to-morrow dawns
you must go without fail
with horses from this fifth
which I have taken,
with saddles and bridles
and each with its sword;
for my wife's sake
and that of my daughters,

since he sent them here

where they are content.

these two hundred horses

will go to him as a gift,

that King Alfonso may speak no ill

of him who rules in Valencia.'

He commanded Pedro Bermúdez

to go with Minaya.

The next day in the morning

they rode off early.

to kiss the King's hands

with the Cid's greetings

and two hundred men

rode as their retinue.

my Cid sent as a gift

two hundred horses

from this battle

in which he had triumphed:

'And I shall serve him always

while my soul is with me.'

97

Minaya takes the gift to Castille

They have left Valencia

and begin their journey,

they bear such riches with them

they must guard them closely.

They ride two days and nights

without pausing to rest

and they have passed the mountains

that cut off the other country.

They begin to inquire

for King Alfonso.

98

Minaya arrives in Valladolid

They have passed the ranges
the mountains and the waters,
they arrive in Valladolid
where King Alfonso was;
Pedro Bermúdez and Minaya
sent a message,
requesting him to prepare
to receive this company,
for my Cid of Valencia
was sending him a gift.

99

The King rides out to receive the Cid's men. The envoy of García Ordóñez

The King rejoiced
 you have not seen him so pleased,
he commanded all his nobles
 to mount at once
and the King rode out
 among the first
to see these messengers
 from him who was born in good hour.
The Heirs of Carrión
 you may know, murmured at this,
and the Count Don García
 the Cid's sworn enemy.
What pleases some
 weighs heavy upon others.
Those sent by my Cid
 came into sight,
one would have thought them an army
 not mere messengers:

King Alfonso

crosses himself.

Minaya and Pedro Bermúdez

have arrived before him,

they set foot on the earth

they get down from their horses;

they kneel down

before King Alfonso,

they kiss the ground

and both his feet:

'Grace, King Alfonso

greatly honoured!

we kiss your feet

for my Cid the Campeador;

he calls you his lord

and remains your vassal,

and prizes greatly

the honours you have given him.

A few days since, King

he triumphed in a battle

over that King of Morocco

whose name is Yúsuf,

and fifty thousand besides

he beat them from the field.

The spoils that he took

are very great,

all of his vassals

have become rich men,

and he sends you two hundred horses

and kisses your hands.'

King Alfonso said:

'I receive them with pleasure.

I send thanks to my Cid

for this gift he has sent me;

he will yet see the hour

I shall do as much for him.'

I give you three horses
take them now.
Thus it seems to me
and I am convinced
that from these new things
good must follow.'

101

The Heirs of Carrión think of marrying the Cid's daughters

They kissed his hands
and went in to rest;
he commanded that they should be served
with whatever they needed.

I would tell you
of the Heirs of Carrión,
taking counsel together
plotting in secret:
'The Cid's affairs
prosper greatly,
let us ask
for his daughters in marriage;
our honour will grow
and we shall prosper.'
They come to King Alfonso
with this secret:

102

The Heirs persuade the King to arrange the marriage for them. The King asks to see the Cid. Minaya returns to Valencia and informs the Cid of everything. The Cid fixes the place of meeting

‘We beg your grace
as our king and lord;
by your leave
we wish you to ask in our names

for the hands of the daughters

of the Campeador;

we would marry them

to his honour and our advantage.'

A long while

the King thought and meditated:

'I sent

the good Campeador into exile,

and wrought him harm

and he has returned me much good;

I cannot tell

if he will favour this marriage;

but since you wish it

I shall discuss it with him.'

Then King Alfonso

called to himself

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

and Pedro Bermúdez

and took them aside

into another room:

'Hear me, Minaya

and you, Pedro Bermúdez:

Ruy Díaz, Campeador,

my Cid, serves me well,

he shall receive my pardon

as he deserves;

let him come and appear before me

if it meet his pleasure.

There are further tidings

from here in my court:

Diego and Fernando

the Heirs of Carrión,

wish to marry

his two daughters.

Be good messengers

I beg of you,

and tell all this

to the good Campeador:
his name will be ennobled

and his honour increase,
by thus contracting marriage
with the Heirs of Carrión.'

Minaya spoke

in agreement with Pedro Bermúdez:
'We shall ask him

as you have told it to us:
then the Cid may do
what meets his pleasure.'

—'Say to Ruy Díaz

who in good hour was born,
that I shall come to meet him
wherever he prefers,

wherever he says

let us meet each other.
I wish to help my Cid
however I may.'

They said farewell to the King
and turned away,

they depart for Valencia
with all who are with them.

When the good Campeador
heard they were coming
he mounted in haste

and rode out to receive them;

he smiled, my Cid
and warmly embraced them:

'Have you come, Minaya
and you, Pedro Bermúdez!

In few lands
are there two such knights.

What greeting
from Alfonso my Lord?

Is he satisfied

Did he receive the gift?’

Minaya said:

‘With heart and soul

he is satisfied

and returns you to his favour.’

My Cid replied:

‘The Creator be thanked!’

And when this was said

they began to tell

what Alfonso of León

had asked of them,

of giving the Cid’s daughters

to the Heirs of Carrión,

that his name might be ennobled

and he increase in honour,

that the King approved this

with heart and soul.

When he heard this, my Cid,

the good Campeador,

a long while

he thought and meditated:

‘I give thanks

to Christ my Lord;

I was sent into exile

my honours were taken away;

with toil and pain I have taken

what is now mine;

I give thanks to God

that I have regained the King’s love,

and that he asks for my daughters

for the Heirs of Carrión.

Tell me, Minaya

and you, Pedro Bermúdez,

what do you think

of this marriage?’

—‘Whatever would please you

seems best to us.’

The Cid spoke: ‘They have a great name

these Heirs of Carrión,

they are swollen with pride

and have a place in the court,

and this marriage

would not be to my liking.

But since he wishes it

who is worth more than we,

let us talk of the matter

but do it in secret;

and may God in heaven

turn it to the best.’

‘And besides this

Alfonso sends to tell you

that he will meet you

wherever you please;

he wishes to see you

and make manifest his favour,

after which you may decide

what you think best.’

Then the Cid said:

‘It pleases my heart.’

And Minaya said:

‘As for this meeting,

you are to decide

where it is to be.’

‘It would be no marvel

if King Alfonso had bid me

come where he was

and we should have gone

to do him honour

as befits a king and lord.

But what he wishes

we must wish also.

By the Tagus
 the great river
 let us meet
 when my lord pleases.'
 They wrote letters
 and sealed them well,
 and they sent them
 in the hands of two horsemen:
 the Campeador will do
 what the King desires.

103

*The King fixes the time of the meeting. He prepares his retinue
 to go there*

The letters have come
 to the honoured King;
 he rejoiced
 when he saw them:
 'My greetings to my Cid
 who in good hour took sword;
 let the meeting be
 three weeks from now;
 if I live
 I shall be there without fail.'
 They returned to my Cid
 without delay.
 On this side and that
 they made ready for the meeting;
 who had ever seen
 so many fine mules in Castille,
 and so many palfreys
 of graceful gait,
 heavy chargers
 and swift horses,

so many fair pennons
 flown from good lances,
 shields braced at the centre
 with gold and with silver,
 cloaks and furs
 fine cloth from Alexandria.
 The King has them send
 ample provisions
 to the banks of the Tagus
 where the meeting will be.
 A splendid company
 goes with the King.
 In high spirits
 go the Heirs of Carrión,
 here they make new debts
 and there pay the old,
 as though their fortunes
 had so much increased already,
 and they had gold and silver
 as much as they could wish for.
 The King Don Alfonso
 mounted without delay,
 counts and nobles ride with him
 and a host of vassals.
 And a goodly company goes
 with the Heirs of Carrión.
 With the King go men of León
 and of Galicia,
 and Castillians
 you may know, without number;
 they release the reins
 they ride to the meeting.

The Cid and his men make ready to go to the meeting. The departure from Valencia. The King and the Cid meet on the banks of the Tagus. The King solemnly pardons the Cid. Invitations. The King asks the Cid for the hands of his daughters, for the Heirs of Carrión. The Cid gives his daughters to the King, who marries them. The end of the meeting. The Cid's gifts to those who depart. The King commends the Heirs to the Cid

In Valencia

my Cid the Campeador
 does not delay
 but makes ready for the meeting.
 So many fat mules
 and fine palfreys,
 so many splendid weapons
 and so many swift horses,
 so many fine capes
 and cloaks and furs;
 everyone, young and old
 all dressed in colours.
 Minaya Álvaro Fáñez
 and that same Pedro Bermúdez,
 Martín Muñoz
 lord of Montemayor,
 and Martín Antolínez
 the worthy man of Burgos,
 the Bishop Don Jerome
 the worthy cleric,
 Álvaro Álvarez
 and Álvaro Salvadórez,
 Muño Gustioz
 that excellent knight,
 Galindo García
 who came from Aragón:
 these make ready
 to go with the Campeador,

and all the others

as many as there were.

Álvar Salvadórez

and Galindo García of Aragón,

the Campeador

commanded these two

to guard Valencia

with heart and soul,

and he commanded all who should remain there

to obey these two.

My Cid ordered

that they should not open

the gates of the palace

by day or by night;

his wife and both his daughters

are within,

in whom his heart is

and his soul,

and there also are the other ladies

who wait upon their pleasure;

my Cid in his prudence

has commanded

that none may come forth

out of the castle,

until he himself returns

who in good hour was born.

They went out from Valencia

and spurred forward,

so many fine horses

sleek, and swift runners,

my Cid had won them

they had not been given as gifts.

And they rode on toward the meeting

arranged with the King.

The King arrived

one day before him,

and when he saw

the Campeador coming

he rode out to meet him

to do him honour.

When he who was born in good hour

saw the King coming,

he commanded those who were with him

to come to a halt

all except a few knights

nearest his heart.

Then as he had thought to do

who in good hour was born,

he and fifteen knights

got down from their horses,

and on his knees and hands

he knelt down on the ground

he took the grass of the field

between his teeth

and wept from his eyes

so great was his joy,

and thus he rendered homage

to Alfonso his Lord,

and in this manner

fell at his feet.

The King Don Alfonso

was displeased at this:

‘Rise, rise

Cid Campeador,

kiss my hands

but not my feet;

if you humble yourself further

you will lose my love.’

The Campeador

remained on his knees:

‘I beg grace of you

my natural Lord,

thus on my knees I beg you
to extend to me your favour,
so that all may hear it
as many as are here.'

The King said: 'I will do it
with all my heart and soul;
I hereby pardon you
and grant you my favour,
be welcome from this hour
in all my kingdom.'

My Cid spoke
 here is what he said:
'My thanks; I accept the pardon
 Alfonso, my Lord;
I thank God in heaven
 and afterwards you,
and these vassals
 here about us.'

Still on his knees
 he kissed the King's hand,
then rose to his feet
 and kissed him on the mouth.
And all who were there
 rejoiced to see it;
but it grieved Álvaro Díaz
 and García Ordóñez.

My Cid spoke
 here is what he said:
‘I give thanks
 to our Father the Creator,
for this grace I have received
 from Alfonso my Lord;
now God will be with me
 by day and by night.
If it please you, my Lord
 be my guest.’

The King said:

‘That would not be just:
you arrive only now
and we came here last night;
you must be my guest
Cid Campeador,
and to-morrow we shall do
what meets your pleasure.’

My Cid kissed his hand
and agreed to this.

Then the Heirs of Carrión
came and made him obeisance:

‘We bow before you
Cid, who in good hour were born!
We shall serve your fortune
as far as we are able.’

The Cid answered:
‘God grant that it may be so.’

My Cid Ruy Díaz
who in good hour was born,
on that same day
was the guest of the King,
who so loved him
he could not have enough of his company
and looked a long while at his beard
which had grown so long.

All who beheld the Cid
marvelled at the sight of him.

The day has passed
and the night has come.

Next day in the morning
the sun rose bright

the Campeador
called together his men,
bade them prepare a meal
for all who were there;

my Cid the Campeador

so well contented them,

all were merry

and of one mind:

they had not eaten better

not for three years.

The next day in the morning

as the sun was rising,

the Bishop Don Jerome

sang Mass for them.

When they came from Mass

all assembled together;

the King did not delay

but began to speak:

'Hear me, my vassals

counts and barons:

I would express a wish

to my Cid the Campeador;

and may Christ grant

that it be for the best.

I ask you for your daughters

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

I ask you to give them as wives

to the Heirs of Carrión.

The marriage, to my eyes

is honourable, and to your advantage,

the Heirs request it

and I commend it to you.

And on this and on that side

may as many as are here,

your vassals and mine

second what I ask for;

give us your daughters, my Cid

and may the Creator bless you.

—'I have no daughters ready for marriage'

the Campeador answered,

'for their age is slight

and their days are few.

I fathered them both

and you brought them up,

they and I

wait upon your mercy;

The fame is great

of the Heirs of Carrión,

enough for my daughters

and for others of higher station.

I give Doña Elvira and Doña Sol

into your charge,

give them to whom you think best

and I shall be content.'

—‘My thanks,’ said the King

'to you and to all this court.'

The Heirs of Carrión

then got to their feet,

went and kissed the hands

of him who was born in good hour;

and they exchanged swords

before Alfonso the King.

The King Don Alfonso spoke

as a worthy lord:

'My thanks, Cid, for your goodness

you, favoured of the Creator,

who have given me your daughters

for the Heirs of Carrión.

Here I take Doña Elvira and Doña Sol

into my charge

and give them as wives

to the Heirs of Carrión.

By your leave

I marry your daughters,

may it please the Creator

that good may come of it.

Here I give into your hands

the Heirs of Carrión,

they will go with you now

for I must return.

Three hundred marks of silver

I give them to help them,

to be spent on the wedding

or whatever you please;

let them remain under you

in Valencia, that great city,

sons-in-law and daughters

all four are your children:

do with them

as seems best to you, Campeador.'

My Cid kissed his hands

and received the Heirs:

'My deep thanks

my King and Lord.

It is you, not I

who have married my daughters.'

The words are said

the promises given,

the next day in the morning

when the sun rose,

each one would return

to the place from which he had come.

Then my Cid the Campeador

did a thing they would tell about:

so many fat mules

and so many fine palfreys,

so many precious garments

of great value,

my Cid gave

to whomever would receive gifts;

and he denied no one

whatever he asked for.

My Cid gave as gifts

sixty of his horses,

All went from the meeting contented

as many as there were;

it was time to part

for the night had come.

The King took

the Heirs' hands,

and put them in the hands

of my Cid the Campeador:

'These now are your sons

since they are your sons-in-law;

know, from to-day forward

they are yours, Campeador;

let them serve you as their father

and honour you as their lord.'

'My thanks, king

and I accept your gift;

May God who is in heaven

give you reward.'

105

The Cid refuses to give his daughters in marriage himself.

Minaya will be the King's representative

'I beg grace of you

my natural King:

since you marry my daughters

as suits your will,

name someone to give them in marriage

in your name;

I will not give them with my hand

none shall boast of that.'

The King answered:

'Here is Álvar Fáñez;

let him take them by the hand
and give them to the Heirs,
let him act at the wedding
as though he were myself,
at the ceremony
let him be as the godfather;
and let him tell me of it
when next we come together.'

Álvar Fáñez said:
'With all my heart, sire.'

106

The Cid bids farewell to the King. Gifts

You may know
all this was done with great care.
'Ah, King Alfonso
my honoured lord,
take something of mine
to commemorate our meeting;
I have brought you thirty palfreys
with all their trappings,
and thirty swift horses
with their saddles;
take these
and I kiss your hands.'
King Alfonso said:
'You put me to shame.'
I accept this gift
which you have brought me;
may it please the Creator
and all His saints besides,
that this pleasure you give me
may be well rewarded.

My Cid Ruy Díaz

you have done me great honour,
you have served me well

and I am contented;
if I live

I shall reward you somehow.

I commend you to God;

now I must leave.

May God who is in heaven

turn all to the best.'

107

*Many of the King's men go with the Cid to Valencia. The
Heirs accompanied by Pedro Bermúdez*

My Cid mounted

his horse Babieca:

'Here I say

before Alfonso my Lord:

whoever will come to the wedding

and receive gifts from me,

let him come with me

and he shall not regret it.'

The Cid has said good-bye

to Alfonso his Lord;

would not have the King escort him

on his way, but parted there.

You would have seen knights

of excellent bearing

saying farewell to King Alfonso

kissing his hands:

'Grant us your grace

and give us your pardon:

we go as the Cid's vassals

to Valencia that great city;

we shall be at the wedding

of the Heirs of Carrión

and the daughters of my Cid

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.'

This pleased the King

he gave them all his consent:

the Cid's company grows

and that of the King dwindles.

there are many

who go with the Campeador.

They ride for Valencia

which in a blessed hour he had taken.

He sent Pedro Bermúdez

and Muño Gustioz

—there were not two better knights

among all the Cid's vassals—

to ride as companions

with Fernando and Diego.

that they might learn the ways

of the Heirs of Carrión.

And with them went Asur González

who was a noisy person.

more ready of tongue

than of other things.

They paid much honour

to the Heirs of Carrión.

They have arrived in Valencia

which my Cid had taken;

the closer they come

the greater is their rejoicing.

My Cid said to Don Pedro

and to Muño Gustioz:

'See to the lodging

of the Heirs of Carrión.

and stay with them

for I command it.

When the morning comes
and the sun rises,
they will see their wives
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.'

108

The Cid announces the marriage to Doña Jimena

That night every one
went to his lodging,
my Cid the Campeador
entered the palace;
Doña Jimena received him
and both his daughters:
'Have you returned, Campeador
who girded sword in good hour?
Many days may we look upon you
with these eyes of ours.'
—'The Creator be thanked
honoured wife, that I have returned;
I bring you two sons-in-law
in whom we have much honour;
give me thanks, my daughters
for I have married you well.'

109

Doña Jimena and the daughters are pleased

[illegible]

They will lack for nothing

as long as you live.'

—‘When you give us in marriage

we shall be rich.'

110

The Cid's misgivings concerning the marriage

'Doña Jimena, my wife,

I give thanks to the Creator.

And I say to you, my daughters

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

that by your marriage

we shall increase in honour.

but you may know

that none of this was my doing.

My Lord Alfonso

asked me for your hands,

and that so urgently

with all his heart

that I in no way

could have denied him.

I gave you into his hands

both of you, my daughters:

believe this that I say

he will marry you, not I.'

111

Preparations for the wedding. The presentation of the Heirs. Minaya gives the wives to the Heirs. Benedictions and Masses. The two weeks' festivities. The end of the wedding festivities; the gifts given to the guests. The poet bids his audience farewell

Then they began

to make ready the palace

they covered the floors

and the walls with carpets,

with bolts of silk and purple

and many precious fabrics.

You would have been well pleased

to sit and eat in the palace.

All the Cid's knights

have gathered together.

Then they sent

for the Heirs of Carrión,

and the Heirs took horse

and rode to the palace,

covered in finery

and splendid garments;

on foot, and in seemly fashion

God, how meekly they entered!

My Cid received them

with all his vassals,

they humbled themselves

before him and his wife,

then went and sat down

on a bench of precious work.

All my Cid's vassals

quiet and prudent,

sit watching his face

who in good hour was born.

The Campeador

rose to his feet:

'Since it must be done

why should we delay?

Come here, Álvar Fáñez

beloved knight.

Both my daughters

I hereby give into your hands;

you know that the King

has commanded that it be so,

and I would in every way

satisfy the agreement:

with your hand give them

to the Heirs of Carrión,

Let them receive the benediction

and let it be properly done.'

Then Minaya said:

'I will do as you say.'

The girls stood up

and he took them by the hands.

Minaya speaks

to the Heirs of Carrión:

'Now both you brothers

stand before Minaya,

by the hand of King Alfonso

who has commanded me thus,

I give you these ladies

both of gentle birth,

take them for wives

for the honour and good of all.'

Both received them

with love and joy,

and went to kiss the hands

of my Cid and his wife.

When they had done this

they went out from the palace,

and without delay

rode to Santa María;

the Bishop Don Jerome

put on his vestments,

at the door of the church

he waited for them;

gave them his benedictions

and sang them Mass.

When they came from the church

all mounted in haste,

and rode out

to the arena of Valencia;

God, how well they jousted

my Cid and his vassals!

Three times he changed horses

he who was born in good hour.

My Cid was well content

with what he saw there:

the Heirs of Carrión

proved themselves good horsemen.

They returned to the ladies

and re-entered Valencia;

there were rich wedding-feasts

in the gorgeous palace;

and the next day

my Cid set up seven tablets:

all must be ridden at and broken

before they went in to eat.

Two full weeks

the wedding-feasts went on,

at the end of that time

the noble guests went home.

My Cid Don Rodrigo

who in good hour was born,

gave at least a hundred

of all sorts of beasts,

palfreys and mules

and swift running horses;

besides cloaks and furs

and many other garments;

and there was no counting

the gifts of money.

My Cid's vassals

also gave presents,

each one gave something

to the guests who were there.

Whatever the guests might wish for

their hands were filled;

all who had come to the wedding
returned rich to Castille.

Then those guests
 made ready to leave,
took leave of Ruy Díaz
 who in good hour was born,
and of all those ladies
 and the knights who were there;
they parted contented
 from my Cid and his vassals.

They spoke well
of the way they had been treated.
And Diego and Fernando
were highly pleased,

they, the sons
of the Count Don Gonzalo.

The guests have departed
for Castille,
my Cid and his sons-in-law
remain in Valencia.

Nearly two years
the Heirs dwell there,
and all in Valencia
showered them with their favour.

My Cid was joyful
and all his vassals.

May it please Santa María
and the Heavenly Father
that my Cid, and he who proposed it
may remain content with this marriage.

Herewith are ended
the verses of this cantar.
The Creator be with you
and all His saints besides.

THE THIRD CANTAR

THE AFFRONT OF CORPES

112

The Cid's lion gets loose. The fear of the Heirs of Carrión.

The Cid tames the lion. The shame of the Heirs

My Cid is in Valencia

with all his vassals,

and with him his sons-in-law

the Heirs of Carrión.

The Campeador was asleep

lying on a bench,

when, you may know, there occurred

an unlooked-for misfortune:

the lion broke from his cage

and stalked abroad.

Great terror ran

through the court,

the Campeador's men

seized their cloaks,

and stand over the bench

to protect their lord.

Fernando González

Heir of Carrión,

could find nowhere to hide

no room nor tower was open,

he hid under the bench

so great was his terror.

Diego González

went out the door

crying: 'I shall never see

Carrión again.'

151

113

114

The Cid rejoiced
and all his knights,
they thanked the Creator
for the spoils would enrich them.
But you may know, it grieved
the Heirs of Carrión;
so many Moorish tents
were not to their taste.
Both brothers
walked to one side:
'We thought only of the wealth
and not of the dangers:

for we have no choice

but to go into this battle;
this could keep us from ever again

seeing Carrión,
and the daughters of the Campeador
will be left widows.'

Muño Gustioz

overheard them talking in secret,
and brought what he had heard
to my Cid the Campeador.

'These sons-in-law of yours
are so filled with daring,
that now at the hour of battle
they yearn for Carrión.

Go and console them

as God is your grace,
let them sit in peace
and not enter the battle,
with you we shall conquer
and the Creator will give us aid.'

My Cid Don Rodrigo

went up to them smiling:
'God save you, sons-in-law

Heirs of Carrión,
you have in your arms my daughters
white as the sun.

I look forward to battle

and you to Carrión,
remain in Valencia

at your pleasure;
for I am seasoned

at managing the Moors,
and shall make bold to rout them
with the help of the Creator.'

Búcar's message. The charge of the Christians. The cowardice of the Heir Fernando. (Lacuna in the manuscript; fifty verses supplied out of the Chronicle of Twenty Kings.) The generosity of Pedro Bermúdez

As they were speaking of this, King Búcar sent to tell the Cid to leave Valencia, and he, Búcar, would let him go in peace; but if he would not go, then Búcar would make the Cid pay for everything he had done. The Cid said to the messenger: 'Go and tell Búcar, that son of my enemies, that within three days I shall give him what he asks for.'

The next day my Cid bade them all arm, and they rode out against the Moors. The Heirs of Carrión then begged of him the honour of striking the first blows; and when the Cid had formed his ranks, Don Fernando, one of the Heirs, rode forward to attack a Moor named Aladraf. When the Moor saw him he spurred toward him; and the Heir, overcome with terror, turned his horse and fled, not daring to wait.

Pedro Bermúdez, who was near him, when he saw this, attacked the Moor, and fought with him and killed him. Then he took the Moor's horse and went after the Heir where he was still fleeing, and said: 'Don Fernando, take this horse and tell everyone that you killed the Moor who was its master, and I will affirm it.'

The Heir said to him: 'Don Pedro Bermúdez,
I thank you deeply
and may the hour come
when I can doubly repay you.'
Then they returned
riding together.
And Don Pedro affirmed the deed
of which Don Fernando boasted.
It pleased my Cid
and all his vassals:
'If it please God
our Father who is in Heaven,
both my sons-in-law
will prove brave in the battle.'

As they speak thus
the armies draw together,
the drums are sounding
through the ranks of the Moors;
and many of these Christians
marvelled much at the sound,
for they had come lately to the war
and never heard drums.
Don Diego and Don Fernando
marvelled more than any,
they would not have been there
if the choice had been theirs.
Hear what he said
he who was born in good hour:
'Ho, Pedro Bermúdez
my dear nephew,
watch over Don Diego
and watch over Don Fernando,
my sons-in-law
for whom I have much love,
and with God's help
the Moors will not keep the field.'

116

Pedro Bermúdez declines to guard the Heirs. Minaya and the Bishop Don Jerome ask for the foremost position in the battle

—‘I say to you, Cid
in the name of charity,
that to-day the Heirs
will not have me for protector;
let who likes watch over them
for I care little for them.
I wish to attack in the van
with my men,

might guard the rear;

you can come to my aid.'

then rode up:

loyal Campeador.

the Creator will decide.

who have His favour.

where you think best.

look to his obligation.

we shall attack them.'

'Let us proceed calmly.'

the Bishop, heavily armed.

of unfailing fortune:

of the Holy Trinity.

and came to find you.

for killing Moors;

my hands and my order,

and strike the first blows.

blazoned with croziers,

if it please God

I wish to display them,
and thus my heart

will be at peace,
and you, my Cid

will be further pleased with me.
Unless you do me this favour

I shall leave you.'

Then my Cid answered:

'I am pleased with your request.

Now the Moors are in sight

go try yourself against them.

Now we shall see

how the monk does battle.'

117

The Bishop begins the battle. The Cid attacks. He invades the Moorish camp

The Bishop Don Jerome

began the attack,
and charged against them

at the end of the camp.

By his good fortune

and the grace of God who loved him,
with the first blows

he killed two Moors.

His lance splintered

and he drew his sword.

God, how hard he fought

the Bishop, how well he did battle!

He killed two with his lance

and five with the sword.

And many Moors came

and surrounded him,

and dealt him great blows
but could not break through his armour.
He who was born in good hour
kept his eyes upon him,
clasped his shield
and lowered his lance,
set spur to Babieca
his swift horse,
and rode to attack them
with heart and soul.
In the first ranks
which he entered, the Campeador
unhorsed seven
and killed four.
There the rout began
as it pleased God.
My Cid and his knights
rode in pursuit;
you would have seen so many tent cords
snapped, and the poles down,
and so many embroidered tents
lying on the ground.
My Cid's vassals
drove Búcar's men from their camp.

118

The Christians pursue the enemy. The Cid overtakes and kills Búcar. The capture of the sword Tizón

They drove them from the camp
and pursued them closely;
you would have seen fall
so many arms with their bucklers,
and so many heads in their helmets
fall to the field,

and horses without riders
running in all directions.

Seven full miles
the pursuit went on.

My Cid overtook
Búcar the King:

'Turn, Búcar
who have come from beyond the sea!

Now you must face the Cid
he of the long beard,
we must greet each other
and swear friendship.'

Búcar answered the Cid:
'God confound such friendship:
you have a sword in your hand

you ride at full speed;
and it would seem that you wish
to prove your sword upon me.

But if my horse does not stumble
or fall under me,
you will not overtake me

though you follow me into the sea.'

Then my Cid answered:
'That cannot be true.'

Búcar had a good horse
he rode in great bounds,
but the Cid's Babieca
gained steadily on him.

The Cid overtook Búcar
three fathoms from the sea,
raised Colada

and struck him a great blow,
and there he cut away
the jewels of his helmet,
split the helmet

and, driving through all below,

as far as the waist
his sword sank.
He killed Búcar
the King from beyond the sea,
and captured the sword Tizón
worth a thousand marks of gold.
My Cid has won
that marvellous great battle,
and he and all who are with him
have gained honour.

119

The Cid's men return from the pursuit. The Cid is content with his sons-in-law; their shame. The spoils of the victory

They turned back from the chase
with the spoils they had taken;
you may know, before they went
they stripped the field.
They have come to the tents
with him who was born in good hour,
my Cid Ruy Díaz
the famous Campeador:
he came with two swords
which were worth much to him,
at full speed came riding
over the field of slaughter,
his face bare
hood and helmet off,
and the cowl loose
over his hair.
From all directions
his knights regather;
my Cid saw a thing
which pleased him greatly,

he lifted his eyes

and looked before him,

and saw approaching him

Diego and Fernando,

both the sons

of the Count Don Gonzalo.

My Cid rejoiced

fair was his smiling:

‘Greetings, my sons-in-law

both of you are my sons!

I know you are well contented

with the fighting you have done;

the good news of your deeds

will go to Carrión,

and the tidings of our conquests

of Búcar the King,

I trust in God

and in all his saints,

that we shall be satisfied

with the results of this victory.’

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

rides up at this moment,

his shield at his neck

marked with sword-dents;

and with blows of lances

beyond number;

those who had aimed them

had not profited by it.

Down from his elbow

the blood is dripping;

he had killed more than twenty

of the Moors:

‘Thanks be to God

and to our heavenly father,

and to you, Cid

who in good hour were born!

You have killed Búcar
and we have won the field.
All these spoils
are for you and your vassals.
And your sons-in-law
here have proven themselves,
and sated themselves with fighting
with Moors in the field.’
My Cid said:
‘I am pleased with this;
they have been brave to-day
and in time to come they will be braver.’
My Cid intended it kindly
but they took it as a jeer.
All the spoils
have been brought to Valencia;
my Cid rejoices
and all his vassals;
to each one there falls
six hundred marks of silver.
My Cid’s sons-in-law
when they had taken this portion,
which was theirs from the victory
and had put it safely away,
were sure that in all their days
they should not lack for money.
Those in Valencia
were lavishly provided
with excellent food
fine furs and rich cloaks.
And my Cid and his vassals
all rejoiced.

This they all do
without disagreements.
In the fifth which fell to my Cid
were six hundred horses,
and other beasts of burden
and large camels,
there were so many
they could not be counted.

122

The Cid, at the height of his glory, meditates the capture of Morocco. The Heirs live rich and honoured in the Cid's court

All these spoils
the Campeador has taken.
'Thanks be to God
who is Lord of the world!
In the old days I was poor
now I am rich,
for I have wealth and domains
and gold and honour,
and my sons-in-law
are the Heirs of Carrión;
I win battles
as pleases the Creator,
Moors and Christians
go in fear of me.
There in Morocco
where the mosques are,
they tremble
lest perhaps some night
I should take them by surprise
but I plan no such thing.
I shall not go seeking them
but stay in Valencia,

and they will send me tribute

as the Creator aids me,

they will send money to me

or to whomever I please.'

Great were the rejoicings

in Valencia, that great city,

among all the company

of my Cid the Campeador,

at this rout

in which heartily they had fought;

and great was the joy

of both the sons-in-law:

five thousand marks

was the portion which fell to them;

those Heirs of Carrión

considered themselves rich.

They with the others

came to the court;

there with my Cid

was the Bishop Don Jerome,

the good Álvaro Fáñez

knight and warrior,

and many others

whom the Campeador had reared;

when the Heirs of Carrión

entered there

Minaya received them

for my Cid the Campeador:

'Come here, my kinsmen

we profit by your company.'

As they approached

the Campeador grew more pleased:

'Here, my sons-in-law

are my excellent wife,

and both my daughters

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;

to embrace you closely
and serve you with all their hearts.
I thank Santa María
Mother of the Lord our God,
that from this marriage
you shall have gained honour.
Good news will go
to the lands of Carrión.'

123

The Heirs' vanity. The jibes of which they are the butt

At these words
the Heir Don Fernando spoke:
'I thank the Creator
and you, honoured Cid,
that so much wealth
that riches beyond measure are ours,
from you we receive our honour
and for you we fought,
we conquered the Moors
in the field and killed
that King Búcar
a proven traitor.
Think of other things
for our affairs are in good order.'
The vassals of my Cid
smiled to hear this,
some had battled bravely
and some ridden in pursuit,
but they had not seen
Diego nor Fernando there.
Because the mockeries
made at their expense,
day and night, always
so tormented them,

both the Heirs
conceived of an evil plan.
They walked aside
indeed they were brothers;
let us have no part
in what they said:
'Let us go to Carrión
we have stayed here too long.
The wealth we have
is great and immeasurable,
we could not spend it all
in the rest of our lives.'

124

The Heirs decide to do injury to the Cid's daughters. They ask the Cid for permission to take their wives to Carrión. The Cid consents. The bridal clothing he gives to his daughters. The Heirs make ready to travel. The daughters say good-bye to their father

—‘Let us ask for our wives
from the Cid Campeador,
let us say we will take them
to the lands of Carrión,
for we must show them
the lands that are theirs.
We shall take them from Valencia
from the power of the Campeador;
afterwards, on the journey
we shall do as we please with them,
before they reproach us
with the story of the lion.
For we are descended
from the Counts of Carrión!
We shall take much wealth with us
riches of great value;

we shall work our punishment
on the daughters of the Campeador.’
—‘With the wealth we have now
we shall be rich for ever,
we can marry the daughters
of kings or emperors,
for we are descended
from the Counts of Carrión.
Therefore we shall punish
the daughters of the Campeador,
before they throw in our faces
what happened with the lion.’
When they had made up their minds
they turned back again,
Fernando González spoke
requesting silence in the court:
‘As the Creator may bless you
Cid Campeador,
may it please Doña Jimena
and before all others, you,
and Minaya Álvar Fáñez
and as many as are here,
to give us our wives
who have been blessed to us,
we would take them with us
to our lands of Carrión,
so that they may possess the lands
we have given them for their honour;
your daughters will see
what belongs to us,
in which our children
will have a share.’
My Cid the Campeador
suspected no harm:
‘I shall give you my daughters
and more things that are mine;

you have given them as wedding gifts
villages in Carrión,
I would give them for their betrothal
three thousand marks;
and I give you mules and palfreys
sleek and fine-limbed,
and war-horses
strong, and swift runners,
and many garments of cloth
and of cloth of gold;
and I will give you two swords
Colada and Tizón,
you know well that I gained them
as befits a man;
both of you are my sons
since I give you my daughters;
you bear away with you
the threads of my heart.
Let them know in Galicia
and in Castille and in León,
how richly I send from me
my two sons-in-law.
Cherish my daughters
who are your wives;
if you treat them well
I shall reward you handsomely.
The Heirs of Carrión
have agreed to everything.
They receive the daughters
of the Campeador;
and now they take
the Cid's gifts.
When they are sated
with receiving presents,
the Heirs of Carrión
bade them load up the beasts of burden.

There is much bustle
 in Valencia, that great city,
all seize their arms
 and mount in haste;
they are sending off the Cid's daughters
 to the lands of Carrión.

They are ready to ride
 they are saying good-bye.
Both the sisters
 Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
knelt down
 before the Cid Campeador:
'We beg your blessing, Father
 and may the Creator be with you;
you sired us
 our mother brought us forth;
here we are before you both
 our Lady and our Lord.

Now you send us
to the lands of Carrión,
we owe it to you to obey you
in whatever you demand.

And thus we beg
your blessing on us both,
send messages to us
in the lands of Carrión.'
My Cid embraced them
and kissed them both.

125

Jimena says good-bye to her daughters. The Cid mounts to see the travellers off. Bad omens

Their mother embraces them
twice over:

'Now go hence, daughters
and the Creator bless you,
and take with you
your father's blessing, and mine.
Go to Carrión
where you are heirs;
in my eyes it seems
that you were well married.'
They kissed the hands
of their father and mother,
who both blessed them
and gave them their grace.
My Cid and the others
began to ride;
there were great provisions
and horses and arms.
The Heirs have ridden out
from Valencia the Shining,
they have said good-bye to the ladies
and all their companions.
Through the farmlands of Valencia
they ride, playing at arms;
my Cid goes merrily
among all his companions.
But he who in good hour was born
looked upon the omens
and saw that this marriage
will not be without stain.
But now he may not repent
for both of them are wedded.

wept from their hearts.

as did also the knights
of the Campeador.

‘Hear me, my nephew
you, Félez Muñoz,
go to Molina
and spend the night there;
in my name greet my friend
the Moor Abengalbón:
let him receive my sons-in-law
with his fairest welcome;
tell him I am sending my daughters
to the lands of Carrión,
let him serve their pleasure
in whatever they need,
and for love of me, bid him escort them
as far as Medinaceli.
For all he does for them

I shall reward him well.’

They parted, one from the other
as nail from flesh.

He has turned back to Valencia
who in good hour was born.

The Heirs of Carrión
ride forward;
at Santa María of Albarracín
the camp was made,
from there the Heirs of Carrión
spur forward at all speed;
they have come to Molina
and the Moor Abengalbón.

When the Moor knew they were there
it pleased his heart;
with great rejoicing
he rode out to receive them;
God, how well he served them
in whatever they pleased!

'My lord, my master

have a care of these:

for I have heard them plotting your death

these Heirs of Carrión.'

127

Abengalbón departs, threatening the Heirs

The Moor Abengalbón

was tough and stout-hearted;

with the two hundred who were with him

he came riding;

all of them were armed

they halted before the Heirs;

what the Moor said to the Heirs

gave them no pleasure:

'If it were not for respect

for my Cid of Bivar,

I would wreak such deeds on you

as the whole world would hear of,

and I would return his daughters

to the loyal Campeador;

and as for Carrión

you would never see it again.'

128

The Moor returns to Molina, with premonitions of the disgrace of the Cid's daughters. The travellers enter the kingdom of Castille. They sleep in the grove of Corpes. In the morning the Heirs are alone with their wives and prepare to do them injury.

Doña Sol calls out in vain. The Heirs' cruelty

'Tell me, what harm have I done you

Heirs of Carrión!

I serve you without malice

and you plot my death.

Here I leave you
vile men and traitors.
By your leave I go,
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;
I scorn the fame
of the Heirs of Carrión.
May God, who is Lord of the world
will and command
that the Campeador may remain
contented with this marriage.
When he had said this
the Moor turned away,
and they went with their arms at ready
till they had crossed the stream Jalón;
as a man of prudence
he went back to Molina.
The Heirs of Carrión
have left Ansarera,
they march without rest
all day and all night;
on their left they leave Atienza
that is a strong hill,
the mountains of Miedes
fall behind them,
upon Montes Claros
they spur forward;
and on their left leave Griza
which Alamos peopled,
and there are the caves
where he encircled Elpha;
farther on, on their right
was San Esteban de Gormaz.
The Heirs have entered
the oak wood of Corpes,
the mountains are high
the branches touch the clouds,

and there are savage beasts

which walk about there.

They found a glade

with a clear spring;

the Heirs of Carrión

bade their men set up the tent

there they spend the night

with as many as are with them,

with their wives in their arms

showing them love;

yet they meant to do them evil

when the sun rose!

They had the beasts of burden

loaded with their riches,

and they have taken down the tent

where they spent the night,

and those who waited on them

have all ridden ahead,

as they were ordered to do

by the Heirs of Carrión,

so that none remained behind

neither man nor woman,

except both their wives

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;

they wished to amuse themselves with these

to the height of their pleasure.

All had gone ahead

only these four remained,

the Heirs of Carrión

had conceived great villainy:

‘Know this, for a certainty

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

you will be tormented here

in these savage mountains.

To-day we shall desert you

and go on from this place;

you will have no share
 in the lands of Carrión.
The news of this will go
 to the Cid Campeador;
and we shall be avenged
 for the story of the lion.'
Then they stripped them
 of their cloaks and furs,
they left nothing on their bodies
 but their shifts and silk undergarments.
The wicked traitors
 have spurs on their boots,
they take in their hands
 the strong hard saddle-girths.
When the ladies saw this
 Doña Sol said:
'You have two swords
 strong and keen-edged,
one that is called Colada
 and the other Tizón,
for God's sake we beg you
 Don Diego and Don Fernando
cut off our heads
 and we shall be martyrs.
Moors and Christians
 will speak harshly of this,
for such treatment
 we have not deserved.
Do not visit upon us
 so vile an ensample;
if you whip us
 the shame will be yours,
you will be called to account
 at assemblies or courts.'

The ladies' pleadings
 availed them nothing.

Then the Heirs of Carrión

began to lash them;

they beat them without mercy

with the flying cinches,

gored them with the sharp spurs

dealing them great pain,

they tore their shirts

and the flesh of both of them;

and over the silken cloth

the clean blood ran,

and they felt the pain

in their very hearts.

Oh it would be such good fortune

if it should please the Creator

that the Cid Campeador

might appear now!

They beat them so cruelly

they left them senseless;

the shirts and the silk skirts

were covered with blood.

They beat them

until their arms were tired,

each of them trying

to strike harder than the other.

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol

could no longer speak,

they left them for dead

in the oak wood of Corpes.

They took away their cloaks

and their furs of ermine,

and left them senseless

in their shifts and silk tunics,

left them to the birds of the mountain

and to the wild beasts.

They left them for dead

you may know, with no life left in them.

What good fortune it would be

if the Cid Ruy Díaz should appear now!

130

The Heirs congratulate themselves on their cowardice

The Heirs of Carrión

left them there for dead,

so that neither

might give aid to the other.

Through the mountains where they went

they praised themselves:

‘Now we have avenged ourselves

for our marriage.

We would not have them for concubines

even if they begged us,

as legitimate wives

they were unworthy of us,

the dishonour of the lion

thus will be avenged.’

131

Félez Muñoz is suspicious of the Heirs. He turns back looking for the Cid's daughters. He revives them and carries them on his horse to San Esteban de Gormaz. The Cid hears of this dishonour. Minaya goes to San Esteban to fetch the ladies. The meeting between Minaya and his cousins

The Heirs of Carrión

rode on, praising themselves.

of that same Félez Muñoz;

of the Cid Campeador;

but this was not to his liking.

his heart was heavy,

apart from the others,

in a thick wood,

to come by,

those Heirs of Carrión.

and heard something of their talk,

nor suspect that he heard them:

they would not leave him alive.

and ride on.

turned back the way they had come.

both lying senseless.

then he dismounted,

and went up to them:

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

these Heirs of Carrión!

May it please God
that their punishment find them!’
He stayed there
endeavouring to revive them,
their senses had gone far from them
they could not speak at all.
The fabrics of his heart
tear as he calls:
‘Cousins, cousins
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
Come awake, cousins
for the love of the Creator!
Wake now while the day lasts
before the night comes,
and the wild beasts
devour us on this mountain!’
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol
come back to themselves,
they opened their eyes
and saw Félez Muñoz.
‘Quickly, cousins
for the love of the Creator!
the Heirs of Carrión
when they miss me,
will come looking for me
at full speed;
if God does not aid us
we shall die here.’
Then with great pain
Doña Elvira spoke:
‘If our father the Campeador
deserves it of you, my cousin,
give us a little water
for the love of the Creator.’
Then in his hat
which was new with its sheen still on it,

which he had brought from Valencia

Félez Muñoz

took up water

and gave it to his cousins;

they were gravely hurt

and both had need of it.

He urged them a long while

till they sat upright.

He gave them comfort

and made them take heart again

till they recovered somewhat

and he took them both up

and with all haste

put them on his horse;

he covered them both

with his own mantle,

took his horse by the reins

and went off with them both.

They three alone

through the forests of Corpes,

between night and day

went out from among the mountains;

they have arrived

at the waters of the Duero,

at the Tower of Doña Urraca

he left those two.

Felez Muñoz came

to San Esteban,

and found Diego Téllez

who was Álvar Fáñez's vassal;

who was grieved in his heart

when he heard the story;

and he took beasts

and fine garments

and went to receive

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;

he brought them
 into San Esteban,
he did them honour
 as well as he could.
Those of San Esteban
 are always sensible folk,
when they knew of this deed
 it grieved their hearts;
they brought tribute from their farms
 to the Cid's daughters.
There the girls remained
 until they were healed.
And the Heirs of Carrión
 continued to praise themselves.
Through all those lands
 the tidings are made known;
the good King Alfonso
 was grieved deeply.
Word of it goes
 to Valencia the great city;
when they tell it
 to my Cid the Campeador,
for more than an hour
 he thought and pondered;
he raised his hand
 and grasped his beard:
'I give thanks to Christ
 who is Lord of the world;
this is the honour they have done me
 these Heirs of Carrión;
I swear by this beard
 which no one ever has torn,
these Heirs of Carrión
 shall not go free with this;
as for my daughters
 I shall yet marry them well!'

My Cid was grieved

in his heart and soul,

as were Álvaro Fáñez

and all the court.

Minaya mounted

with Pedro Bermúdez

and Martín Antolínez

the worthy man of Burgos,

with two hundred knights

whom my Cid sent;

he commanded them strictly

to ride day and night

and bring his daughters

to Valencia the great city.

They do not delay

to fulfil their lord's command,

they ride with all speed

they travel day and night;

they came to Gormaz

a strong castle,

and there in truth

they paused for one night.

The news has arrived

at San Esteban,

that Minaya is coming

for his two cousins.

The men of San Esteban

like the worthy folk that they are

receive Minaya

and all his men,

that night they presented Minaya

with great tribute

he did not wish to take it

but thanked them deeply:

'Thanks, people of San Esteban

you conduct yourselves well,

for this honour you do us
in this misfortune,
my Cid the Campeador
thanks you from where he is,
and here where I am
I do the same.
By God who is in heaven
you will be well rewarded!’
All thank him for what he said
and are content,
they go each to his place
for the night’s rest.
Minaya goes to see
his cousins, where they are,
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol
fix their eyes upon him:
‘We are as glad to behold you
as though you were the Creator;
and give thanks to Him
that we are still alive.
When there is more leisure
in Valencia the great city,
we shall be able to tell
the whole tale of our grievance.’

132

Minaya and his cousins leave San Esteban. The Cid rides out to receive them

Álvaro Fáñez and the ladies
 could not keep back the tears,
 and Pedro Bermúdez
 spoke to them thus:
 'Doña Elvira and Doña Sol
 forget your cares now,

since now you are healed
and alive, and without other harm.
You have lost a good marriage
you may yet have a better.
And we shall yet see the day
when you will be avenged !'
They spent that night there
amid great rejoicings.
The next day in the morning
they mounted their horses.
The people of San Esteban
went with them on their way
as far as the Rio d'Amor
keeping them company;
there they said good-bye
and turned back again,
and Minaya and the ladies
rode on ahead.
They passed Alcoceba
on their right they left Gormaz,
where it is called Vadorrey
they came and went by,
in the village of Berlanga
they paused to rest.
Next day in the morning
they rode on again
as far as the place called Medinaceli
where they took shelter
and from Medinaceli to Molina
they came in one day.
The Moor Abengalbón
was pleased in his heart,
he rode out to receive them
with good will,
he gave them a rich dinner
for the love of my Cid.

Then straightway they rode on
toward Valencia.
The message came
to him who in good hour was born,
he mounts in haste
and rides out to receive them;
he went brandishing his weapons
and showing great joy.
My Cid rode up
to embrace his daughters,
he kissed them both
and began to smile:
'You are here, my daughters!
God heal you from harm!
I permitted your marriage
for I could not refuse it.
May it please the Creator
who is in heaven,
that I shall see you
better married hereafter.
God give me vengeance
on my sons-in-law of Carrión!'
Then the daughters
kissed their father's hands.
All rode into the city
brandishing their weapons;
Doña Jimena their mother
rejoiced at the sight of them.
He who was born in good hour
wished no delay,
he spoke in secret
with his own men,
he prepared to send a message
to King Alfonso in Castille.

for I bear much rancour

within my heart.'

Muño Gustioz

mounted quickly,

and two knights with him

to wait upon his will,

and with him squires

of the Cid's household.

They rode out of Valencia

and with all speed go forward,

they take no rest

by day or night.

In Sahagún

they found King Alfonso.

He is King of Castille

and King of León,

and of Asturias

and the city of San Salvador,

as far as Santiago

he is the lord,

and the counts of Galicia

serve him as their lord.

There Muño Gustioz

as soon as he dismounts,

knelt to the saints

and prayed to the Creator;

he went up to the palace

where the court was,

and two knights with him

who serve him as their lord.

When they entered

into the midst of the court

the King saw them

and knew Muño Gustioz;

the King rose

and received them well.

Before King Alfonso

Muño Gustioz

went down on his knees

and kissed the King's feet:

'Grace, King of great kingdoms

that call you lord!

The Campeador

kisses your hands and feet;

he is your vassal

and you are his Lord.

You married his daughters

with the Heirs of Carrión,

the match was exalted

because you wished it so.

You know already what honour

that marriage has brought us,

how the Heirs of Carrión

have affronted us,

how they beat and abused the daughters

of the Cid Campeador;

stripped them naked, lashed them with whips

and deeply dishonoured them,

and abandoned them

in the oak forest of Corpes,

left them to the wild beasts

and the birds of the mountain.

Behold now his daughters

are once more in Valencia.

For this the Cid kisses your hands

as a vassal to his lord,

he asks you to call these Heirs

to a court of assembly;

the Cid has been dishonoured

but you still more deeply,

he asks you to share his grief, King

as you are wise;

and to help my Cid to receive reparation
from these Heirs of Carrión.’
For more than an hour the King
thought, and said nothing:
‘I say to you, in truth
this grieves my heart,
and in this I speak truth
to you, Muño Gustioz,
I married the daughters
to the Heirs of Carrión;
I did it for the best
for his advantage.
Oh that such marriage
never had been made!
As for myself and the Cid
our hearts are heavy.
I must see that he receives justice
so may the Creator keep me!
I never expected
such a thing as this.
My heralds shall go
through all my kingdom,
and call my court
to assemble in Toledo,
let all gather there
counts and nobles;
and the Heirs of Carrión
I shall bid them come there,
and give just reparation
to my Cid the Campeador,
he shall not be left with a grievance
if I can prevent it.’

The King convokes court in Toledo

'Say to the Campeador

he who was born in good hour,

to be ready with his vassals

seven weeks from now

and come to Toledo

that is the term I set for him.

Out of love for my Cid

I call this court together.

Give my greetings to all

and bid them take comfort;

this which has befallen

shall yet redound to their honour.'

Muño Gustioz took his leave

and returned to my Cid.

Alfonso the Castillian

as he had promised,

took it upon himself

he brooks no delay;

he sends his letters

to León and Santiago,

to the Portuguese

and the Galicians,

and to those of Carrión

and the nobles of Castille,

proclaiming that their honoured King

called court in Toledo,

that they should gather there

at the end of seven weeks ;

and whoever should not come to the court

he would hold no longer his vassal.

Through all his lands

thus the message ran

and none thought of refusing

what the King had commanded.

135

In vain those of Carrion beg the King not to hold court. The court convenes. The Cid arrives last. The King rides out to receive him

And the Heirs of Carrión
are gravely troubled
because the King holds court
in Toledo,
they are afraid of meeting
my Cid the Campeador.
They ask aid and advice
of their relatives,
they beg the King
to excuse them from this court.
The King replied: 'In God's name
I shall not grant you this.'
For my Cid the Campeador
will come there
and receive reparation
for he has a grievance against you.
Whoever does not wish to obey
and come to my court,
let him quit my kingdom
for he has incurred my displeasure.'
The Heirs of Carrión
see that it must be done,
they ask aid and advice
of their relatives;
the Count Don García
took part in all this,
he was an enemy of my Cid
and sought always to do him harm,
and he gave counsel
to the Heirs of Carrión.

Álvar Fáñez

 he sent on before him
to kiss the hands of the King his Lord,
and tell him that the Cid
 would arrive that evening.
When the King heard this
 his heart was pleased;
with many knights
 the King mounted
and went to receive
 him who in good hour was born.
Well prepared
 the Cid comes with his men,
an imposing company
 worthy of such a lord.
When he set eyes
 on the good King Alfonso,
my Cid the Campeador
 flung himself to the ground,
wishing to humble himself
 and do honour to his lord.
When the King saw this
 in all haste he went forward:
'By Saint Isidore
 this shall not be so to-day!
Remain mounted, Cid
 or I shall be displeased;
we must greet each other
 with heart and soul.
That which has befallen you
 grieves my heart;
God grant you will honour the court
 to-day with your presence!'
'Amen,' said my Cid
 the good Campeador;

he kissed the King's hand

and then embraced him:

'I give thanks to God

for the sight of you, my Lord.

I humble myself before you

and before the Count Ramón

and the Count Don Enrique

and all who are here with you;

God save your friends

and above all, you, my Lord!

My wife Doña Jimena

that worthy lady,

kisses your hands

as do my daughters,

and beg you to partake

of our grief in this, my Lord.'

The King answered:

'I do so, in God's name!'

136

The Cid does not enter Toledo. He keeps vigil in San Servando

The King has turned

and started toward Toledo;

my Cid did not wish

to cross the Tagus that night:

'Grace, my King

may the Creator bless you!

Return as you will, my Lord

into the city,

and I with my men

shall lodge in San Servando:

the rest of my vassals

will arrive to-night.

I shall hold vigil

in that holy place;

to-morrow in the morning

I shall enter the city,
and come to the court
before I have broken my fast.'

The King said:

'I am pleased it should be so.'

The King Don Alfonso

returns to Toledo,
my Cid Ruy Díaz

goes to stay in San Servando,
he sent for candles

to set on the altar,
he wishes to keep vigil

in this holy place,
praying to the Creator
speaking with Him in secret.

Minaya, and the other good vassals

who were there
were ready and waiting
when the morning came.

137

The Cid's preparations, in San Servando, to go to the court. The Cid goes to Toledo and enters the court. The King offers him a place on his bench. The Cid refuses. The King opens the session. He proclaims peace between the litigants. The Cid makes his demands. He reclaims Colada and Tizón. The Heirs of Carrión give up the swords. The Cid gives them to Pedro Bermúdez and Martín Antolínez. The Cid's second demand: the dowry of his daughters. The Heirs find it difficult to repay

As dawn drew near
they said matins and primes,
and Mass was finished
before the sun rose,

all my Cid's men

made precious offerings.

'You, Minaya Álvar Fáñez

my sword arm,

come with me

and you, Bishop Don Jerome,

and Pedro Bermúdez

and Muño Gustioz

and Martín Antolínez

the worthy man of Burgos,

and Álvar Álvarez

and Álvar Salvadórez

and Martín Muñoz

born under a good star,

and my cousin

Félez Muñoz,

and let Mal Anda come with me

who is learned in law,

and Galindo García

the good warrior from Aragón;

and others to make up a hundred

from among my good vassals.

Put on your armour

over padded tunics,

put on your breastplates

white as the sun;

furs and ermines

over your breastplates,

and draw the strings tight

that your weapons be not seen;

under your cloaks

gird the sweet keen swords;

in this manner

I would go to the court,

to demand justice

and say what I must say.

for he wished to guard all his person
against insult.

On top of it all he wore
a cloak of great value,
all admired it

as many as were there to see.

With that hundred
whom he had bidden make ready,
he mounted in haste
and rode out of San Servando;
thus prepared

my Cid went to the court.

At the outer door
they dismounted;
my Cid and his men
entered with due circumspection:
he goes in the middle
with his hundred around him.

When they saw enter
him who in good hour was born,
the good King Alfonso
rose to his feet,
and the Count Don Enrique
and the Count Don Ramón,
and all the others

you may know, who were in the court:
with great honour they receive him

who in good hour was born,
Twisted-Mouth of Grañon
did not wish to stand,
nor all the rest of the band
of the Heirs of Carrión.

The King took
my Cid by the hands:
'Come, sit down here
with me, Campeador,

on this bench
 which was a gift from you;
though it annoy some
 you are of more worth than we.’
Then he who had taken Valencia
 thanked him much:
‘Sit on your bench
 as King and Lord;
here I shall stay
 among my men.’
What the Cid said
 pleased the king’s heart.
Then my Cid sat down
 on a bench of lathe-work,
and the hundred who guard him
 stand around him.
All who are in the court
 are watching my Cid,
and his long beard
 tied with a cord;
his appearance
 was in every way manly.
The Heirs of Carrión
 cannot look up for shame.
Then the good King Alfonso
 rose to his feet:
‘Hear me, my vassals
 and the Creator bless you!
Since I have been King
 I have not held more than two courts:
one was in Burgos
 and the other in Carrión,
and this third I open
 to-day in Toledo
for the love of my Cid
 who in good hour was born,

so that he may receive reparation

from the Heirs of Carrión.

They have done him great wrong

as all of us know;

now let Counts Don Enrique and Don Ramón

be the judges,

and these other counts

who are not of the Heirs' company.

You who are learned in law

fix well your attentions,

and find out what is just

for I would command no injustice.

Let us have peace to-day

on one side and the other.

I swear by Saint Isidore

that whoever disturbs my court

will be banished from my kingdom

and lose my favour.

I am of that side

on which justice is.

Now let my Cid the Campeador

make his demand,

and let us hear what they answer

these Heirs of Carrión.'

My Cid kissed the King's hand

and rose to his feet:

'I thank you deeply

as my King and my Lord,

for having held this court

for my sake.

Here is what I demand

of the Heirs of Carrión:

I am not dishonoured

because they abandoned my daughters,

for since you, King, married them

you will know what to do now;

but when they took my daughters
from Valencia the great city,
from my heart and soul
I showed them much love.
I gave them two swords
Colada and Tizón
—these I had taken
fighting like a man in the field—
that with them they might do themselves honour
and you service;
when they abandoned my daughters
in the oak wood of Corpes,
they wanted nothing more of me
and they lost my love;
let them give me my swords
since they are no longer my sons-in-law.’
The judges granted:
‘He is right in this.’
The Count Don García said:
‘We must speak of this.’
Then the Heirs of Carrión
walked to one side,
with all their kinsmen
and the company who were with them;
they discuss it quickly
and decide what to say:
‘The Cid Campeador
does us a great favour,
in not calling to account to-day
the dishonour of his daughters;
we will easily come to an arrangement
with King Alfonso.
Let us give him the swords
since that will end his demand,
and when he has them
the court will adjourn,

and the Cid Campeador

will have no more claims upon us.

Having decided this

they returned to the court.

'Grace, King Alfonso

our Lord!

We cannot deny

he gave us two swords;

now that he claims them

and wants them back again,

we wish to return them

here before you.'

They took out the swords

Colada and Tizón,

they put them into the hands

of the King their Lord;

the swords are drawn

and shine through all the court,

the hilts and guards

were all of gold;

all in the court

marvelled to see them.

The King called my Cid

and gave him the swords;

he received the swords

and kissed the King's hands,

he returned to the bench

from which he had risen.

He held them in his hands

and looked on them both;

they could not have been false ones

for he knew them well;

all his body was glad

and he smiled from his heart,

he raised his hand

and stroked his beard:

'By this beard
which none has ever torn,
thus proceeds the avenging
of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.'
He summoned his nephew, Don Pedro
called him by name,
he stretched out his arm
and gave him the sword Tizón:
'Take it, nephew
it has found a better master.'
To Martín Antolínez
worthy man of Burgos,
he stretched out his arm
and gave him Colada:
'Martín Antolínez
my worthy vassal,
take Colada
I won it from a good lord,
from Ramón Berenguer
of Barcelona, the great city.
Therefore I give it to you
that you may care for it well.
I know that if the time
or the occasion should find you,
with it you will gain
honour and glory.'
Martín Antolínez kissed his hand
and took the sword.
Then my Cid the Campeador
got to his feet:
'I give thanks to the Creator
and to you, King and Lord!
I am satisfied as to my swords
Colada and Tizón.
I bear another grievance
toward the Heirs of Carrión:

when they took my daughters

from Valencia

I gave them three thousand marks

in gold and silver;

thus I did

and they carried out their own business;

let them return me my riches

since they are not my sons-in-law.'

God, they groaned then

these Heirs of Carrión!

The Count Don Ramón said:

'Answer him, yes or no.'

Then the Heirs of Carrión

answered thus:

'For this reason we gave his swords

to the Cid Campeador,

so that he should ask us no more

and end his demands.'

Then the Count Don Ramón

answered them thus:

'If it please the King

the court speaks thus:

you must render to the Cid

what he demands.'

The good King said:

'I wish it to be so.'

My Cid the Campeador

rose again to his feet:

'As for all the riches

which I gave you,

either return them to me

or give me an account.'

Then the Heirs of Carrión

walked to one side,

but could reach no agreement

for the riches were great,

and the Heirs of Carrión

had spent them.

They turned back to the court

and spoke their wish:

‘He who took Valencia

presses us close;

since he sets such store

by what is ours,

we shall pay him in lands

from the county of Carrión.’

When they had made this plea

the judges said:

‘If such pleases the Cid

we shall not refuse,

but to our judgment

it would appear better

that the money itself be repaid

here in the court.’

At these words

the King Don Alfonso spoke:

‘This affair is plain

for us all to see,

and my Cid the Campeador

has a just claim.

I have two hundred

of those three thousand marks;

they were given me

by the Heirs of Carrión.

I wish to return them

since the Heirs are ruined,

so that they may give them to my Cid

who in good hour was born;

since they must pay them

I do not wish to keep them.’

Fernando González spoke

hear what he said:

'We do not have

any wealth in coin.'

Then the Count Don Ramón

answered him:

'You have spent

the gold and the silver;

here is the judgment we give

before the king Don Alfonso:

you must pay in kind

and the Campeador accept it.'

The Heirs of Carrión

know what they must do.

You would have seen them lead in

so many swift horses,

so many fat mules

so many palfreys of good breed,

so many good swords

with all their trappings;

and my Cid took it

at the court's evaluation.

All but the two hundred marks

which were King Alfonso's

the Heirs paid

to him who was born in good hour;

they had to borrow from elsewhere

their own goods were not enough.

You may know, this time

they are sorely mocked.

138

His civil claim ended, the Cid proposes a challenge

These valued goods

my Cid has taken,

his men receive them

and take them in charge.

But when this was done
 there was something still to do.
 'Grace, King and Lord
 for the love of charity!
 The greatest grievance
 I cannot forget.
 Let all the court hear me
 and share in my injury;
 the Heirs of Carrión
 have so gravely dishonoured me,
 I cannot leave this case
 without challenging them.

139

The Heirs are accused of infamy

'Tell me, what did I deserve of you
 Heirs of Carrión,
 in jest or in truth
 or in any fashion?
 Here before the court's judgment
 this must be repaired.
 Why have you torn
 the webs of my heart?
 When you went from Valencia
 I gave you my daughters,
 with much honour
 and countless riches;
 if you did not want them
 treacherous dogs,
 why did you take them
 and their honours from Valencia?
 Why did you wound them
 with whips and spurs?
 You left them alone
 in the oak-grove of Corpes,

to the wild beasts

and the birds of the mountain.

For all you have done

you are infamous.

Let the court judge

if you must not give satisfaction.'

140

Altercation between García Ordóñez and the Cid

The Count Don García

rose to his feet:

'Grace, King

the best in all Spain!

My Cid has rehearsed himself

for this solemn court;

he has let his beard grow

and wears it long;

he strikes fear into some

and dread into others

The Heirs of Carrión

are of such high birth,

they should not want his daughters

even as concubines,

and who would command them to take them

as their lawful wives?

They did what was just

in leaving them.

All that the Cid says

we value at nothing.'

Then the Campeador

laid his hand on his beard:

'Thanks be to God

who rules heaven and earth,

my beard is long

because it grew at its own pleasure.

What have you, Count
to throw in my beard?
It has grown at its own pleasure
since it began;
no son of woman
ever dared touch it,
no son of Moor or Christian
ever has torn it,
as I tore yours, Count
at the castle of Cabra.
When I seized Cabra
and you by your beard,
there was not a boy there
who did not tear out his wisp;
that which I tore out
has not yet grown again,
and I carry it here
in this closed pouch.'

141

Fernando denies the accusation of infamy

Fernando González
rose to his feet,
hear what he said
in a loud voice:
'Cid, let your claim
here have an end;
all your goods
have been returned to you.
Let this suit
go no further between us.
We are by birth descended
from the Counts of Carrión:

we should marry the daughters

of kings or emperors,
we are worthy of more than the daughters

of petty squires.

We did what was just

when we abandoned your daughters;
our honour is greater than before

you may know, and not less.'

142

The Cid incites Pedro Bermúdez to make a challenge

My Cid Ruy Díaz

looks at Pedro Bermúdez:

'Speak, Mute Pedro

knight who are so much silent!

They are my daughters

but they are your first cousins;
when they say this to me

they pull your ears also.

If I answer

you will have no chance to fight.'

143

Pedro Bermúdez challenges Fernando

Then Pedro Bermúdez

started to speak;

but his tongue stumbles

and he cannot begin,

yet once he has begun

know, he does not hesitate:

'I will tell you, Cid
that is a custom of yours:
always in the courts
you call me Pedro the Mute!
But you know well
that I can do no better;
yet of what I can do
there shall be no lack.
'You lie, Fernando
in all you have said,
you gained great honour
through the Campeador.
Now I shall tell
of your ways:
remember when we fought
near Valencia the great:
you begged the Campeador
to grant you the first blows,
you saw a Moor
and you went toward him,
but before he came upon you
you fled from there.
Had I not been there
the Moor would have used you roughly:
I passed you by
and encountered the Moor,
with the first blows
I overcame him;
I gave you his horse
and have kept all this secret
and told it to no one
until to-day.
Before my Cid and before all
you were heard to boast
that you killed the Moor
and had done a knightly deed;

and all believed you

not knowing the truth.

Oh, you are pretty

and a vile coward!

Tongue without hands

how do you dare to speak?’

144

Pedro Bermúdez's challenge continues

‘Speak, Fernando

admit to this:

do you not recall

the lion in Valencia,

the time when my Cid slept

and the lion got loose?

And you, Fernando

what did you do in your terror?

You hid behind the bench

of my Cid the Campeador!

You hid there, Fernando

and for that I now defame you.

We all stood around the bench

to shield our lord,

until my Cid woke

who had taken Valencia;

he rose from the bench

and went toward the lion;

the lion bowed his head

and waited for my Cid,

let himself be taken by the neck

and went back into his cage.

And when the good Campeador

returned again

that made us kin

of my Cid Don Rodrigo!

We still do not repent

that we abandoned his daughters;

let them sigh

as long as they live,

and what we have done to them

will be thrown in their faces always.

This I will maintain

against the bravest:

for in abandoning them

we have gained in honour.'

146

Martín Antolínez challenges Diego González

Martín Antolínez

rose to his feet:

'Be silent, traitor

mouth without truth!

You should not have forgotten

the episode of the lion;

you went out the door

into the courtyard,

and hid yourself

behind the beam of the wine-press;

since then you have not worn

that cloak and silk shirt again.

I shall maintain this by combat

it shall not be otherwise,

because you abandoned

the Cid's daughters,

you may know, their honour

in every way exceeds yours.

When the fight is over
with your own mouth you will admit,
that you are a traitor
and have lied in all you have said.'

147

Asur González enters the court

The talk was ended
between these two.
Asur González
entered the palace,
with an ermine cloak
and his tunic trailing;
his face was red
for he had just eaten.
There was little prudence
in what he said:

148

Asur insults the Cid

'Ah, knights
whoever has seen such evil?
Since when might we receive honour
from my Cid of Bivar!
Let him go now to the River Ubierna
and look after his mills
and be paid in corn
as he used to do!
Whoever suggested that he marry
with those of Carrión?'

149

Muño Gustioz challenges Asur González. Messengers from Navarre and Aragón come to ask for the Cid's daughters for the sons of their Kings. Alfonso consents to the new marriage. Minaya challenges those of Carrión. Gómez Peláez accepts the challenge, but the King fixes time and place only for those who had challenged before. The King will help the Cid's three champions. The Cid offers parting gifts to everyone. (Lacuna. Prose of the Chronicle of Twenty Kings.) The King leaves Toledo with the Cid. He asks the Cid to display his horse's speed

Then Muño Gustioz
rose to his feet:
'Be silent, traitor
evil and full of deceit!
First you have breakfast
and then you say your prayers,
and all whom you kiss in greeting
smell your belches.
You speak no truth
to friend or lord,
you are false to all
and still more false to the Creator.
I want no portion
in your friendship,
and I shall make you confess
that you are all that I say.'
King Alfonso said:
'Let this case rest now.
Those who have made challenges
shall fight, as God may save me!'
Thus they bring
this case to an end,
and behold two knights
came into court;
one was called Ojarra
and the other Iñigo Jiménez,

one is the herald
 of the Prince of Navarre,
and the other the herald
 of the Prince of Aragón;
they kiss the hands
 of King Alfonso,
and ask for the daughters
 of my Cid the Campeador
to make them Queens
 of Navarre and Aragón,
as honoured wives
 blessed in marriage.
At this all the court
 was hushed and listened.
My Cid the Campeador
 rose to his feet:
'Grace, King Alfonso
 you are my Lord!
I give thanks
 to the Creator
for what Navarre and Aragón
 have asked of me.
You married my daughters before
 and not I,
here once again I say
 my daughters are in your hands:
without your bidding
 I shall do nothing.'

The King rose
 and bade the court be silent:
'Cid, perfect Campeador
 I ask that it meet your pleasure
that I should consent
 to this marriage
let it be arranged
 here and now in this court,

and thus may you increase

in fiefs, in estates and honour.'

My Cid rose

and kissed the King's hands:

'As it pleases you

I grant it, Lord.'

Then the King said:

'God reward you well!

And you, Ojarra

and you, Iñigo Jiménez,

I consent

to this marriage

of the daughters of my Cid

Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

with the Princes

of Navarre and Aragón,

that the girls may be given to them

as their honoured wives.'

Ojarra and Iñigo Jiménez

rose to their feet,

they kissed the hands

of King Alfonso,

and afterwards those

of my Cid the Campeador;

they gave pledges

and swore the oaths,

that all might be

as had been said, or better.

This pleases many

there in the court,

but gives no pleasure

to the Heirs of Carrión.

Minaya Álvar Fáñez

rose to his feet:

'I beg grace of you

as my King and Lord,

and hope it may not displease
the Cid Campeador:
I have heard all speak their minds
here in the court,
and now I would say
something of my own.'
The King said:
'Granted gladly.
speak, Minaya
say what you wish.'
—'I beg all the court
to hear what I say,
for I have great grievance against
the Heirs of Carrión.
I gave them my cousins
by the hand of King Alfonso,
they took them, in the honour
and blessing of marriage;
my Cid the Campeador
gave them much wealth,
and then they left them
to our sorrow.
I challenge their bodies
as villains and traitors.
You are of the family
of the Beni-Gómez,
in which there have been counts
of worth and courage;
but now we know well
what your ways are.
I give thanks
to the Creator
that the Princes
of Navarre and Aragón
have asked for my cousins
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;

before, you had them for wives
both, between your arms
now you will kiss their hands
and call them 'My Lady,'
and do them service
however it pains you.
I give thanks to God in heaven
and to King Alfonso here,
that thus grows the honour
of my Cid the Campeador!
In every way
you are as I described you;
if there is any among you
to deny it, and say no,
I am Álvar Fáñez
a better man than any of you.'
Gómez Peláez
rose to his feet:
'To what end, Minaya
is all this talk?
There are many in this court
as brave as you,
and whoever should wish to deny this
it would be to his harm.
If God wills
that we should come well out of this,
you will have cause
to look to what you have said.'
The King said:
'Let this suit end here,
Let none add to it
a further claim.
Let the fight be to-morrow
when the sun rises,
the three against three
who challenged here in the court.'

The Heirs of Carrión

answered then:

‘Give us more time, King

for we cannot do it to-morrow.

We have given our arms and horses

to the Campeador,

first we must go

to the lands of Carrión.’

The King said

to the Campeador:

‘This battle shall take place

wherever you wish.’

Then my Cid said:

‘I will not do as they say.

I would rather return to Valencia

than go to Carrión.’

Then the King said:

‘It is well, Campeador.

Give me your knights

all well armed.

Let them come with me

I shall stand surety for them;

and see to their safety

as a lord does for his good vassal,

and they shall come to no harm

from count or noble.

Here in my court

I set the term:

three weeks from now

in the plain of Carrión,

let this battle take place

and I there to see;

whoever is not there

forfeits the fight,

and will be declared beaten

and called traitor.’

The Heirs of Carrión

accepted the decision.

My Cid kissed

the King's hands:

'My three knights

are in your hands,

here I commend them to you

as my King and Lord.

They are well prepared

to fulfil what they go for;

send them with honour to Valencia

for the love of the Creator!'

Then the King answered:

'May God grant it be so.'

Then the Cid Campeador

drew back his hood,

his coif of fine cloth

white as the sun,

and freed his beard

and undid the cord.

All who are in the court

cannot keep from staring at him.

He went to the Count Don Enrique

and the Count Don Ramón;

he embraced them closely

and asks them from his heart

to take of what he owned

whatever they wished.

These and the others

who had sided with him,

he begged them all

to take what they wished;

and some of them take

and others not.

He bade the King keep

the two hundred marks,

and to take from him besides
as much as he wished.
'I beg grace of you, King
for the love of the Creator!
Now that all these things
have been provided for,
I kiss your hands
and with your grace, my Lord,
would return to Valencia
for painfully I took it.'

Then my Cid commanded that mounts and whatever might be needed should be given to the messengers from the Princes of Navarre and Aragón, and he sent them on their way.

Then King Alfonso mounted, with all the nobles of his court, to ride out with my Cid as he left the town. And when they came to Zocodover, the King said to my Cid, who was riding on his horse which was called Babieca: 'Don Rodrigo, I should like to see you urge your horse to his full speed, for I have heard much of him.' The Cid began to smile, and said: 'Lord, here in your court are many nobles and men who would be most pleased to do this; ask them to race their horses.' The King said to him: 'Cid, I am contented with what you say, but nevertheless I wish you to race your horse, to please me.'

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The King admires Babieca, but will not accept him as a gift. The Cid's final orders to his three champions. The Cid returns to Valencia. The King in Carrión. The time for the fight arrives. Those of Carrión try to ban Colada and Tizón from the fight. Those on the side of my Cid ask the King's help and ride

out on to the battle-field. The King names the judges for the combat and admonishes those of Carrion. The judges prepare for the fight. The first encounter. Pedro Bermúdez overcomes Fernando

Then the Cid set spur to his horse, who ran so swiftly
that all who were there marvelled at his speed.

The King raised his hand

and crossed himself:

‘I swear by Saint Isidore

of León,

that in all our lands

there is not such another knight.’

My Cid has ridden forward

on his horse

and come to kiss the hand

of his Lord Alfonso.

‘You have bidden me race

Babieca my swift horse,

neither among Moors nor among Christians

is there such another;

I offer him to you as a gift

take him, my Lord.’

Then the King said:

‘I do not wish it so;

if I take your horse from you

he will not have so fine a master.

Such a horse as this

needs such a rider as you

for routing Moors in the field

and pursuing them after the battle;

may the Creator not bless

whoever would take your horse from you,

since by means of your horse and you

we have all received honour.’

Then they parted

and the court rode on.

The Campeador gave counsel
to those who were to fight:
'Martín Antolínez
and you, Pedro Bermúdez,
and Muño Gustioz
my worthy vassal;
maintain the field
like brave men,
send me good news
to Valencia.'
Martín Antolínez said:
'Why do you say this, lord?
We have accepted the charge
it is for us to carry it out;
you may hear of dead men
but not of vanquished.'
He who in good hour was born
was pleased at this,
he said good-bye to them all
for they were his friends.
My Cid rode towards Valencia
and the King towards Carrión.
The three weeks of the delay
have all run out.
Behold the Campeador's men
have come on the appointed day,
they wish to accomplish
what their lord had required of them;
they are protected
by Alfonso of León;
two days they waited
for the Heirs of Carrión.
The Heirs come well provided
with horses and arms,
and all their kin with them
and they had plotted

that if they might draw

the Campeador's men to one side
they should kill them in the field
for the dishonour of their lord.

They were bent on evil

had they not been prevented,
for great is their fear
of Alfonso of León.

My Cid's men held vigil by their arms

and prayed to the Creator.

The night has passed

and the dawn breaks;
many of the nobles

have gathered together,
to see this battle

which will give them pleasure;
and above them all

is the King Don Alfonso,
to see that justice is done

and prevent any wrong.

The Campeador's men

have armed themselves,
all are of one mind

since they serve the same lord.

In another place

the Heirs of Carrión arm,
the Count García Ordóñez

giving them advice.

They raised a complaint

and begged King Alfonso
that Colada and Tizón

should be banned from the combat,
and that the Campeador's men

should not use them in the fight;
the Heirs deeply regretted

having given them back.

They begged this of the King

but he would not consent:

‘There in the court

you objected to none.

If you have good swords

they will serve you,

and the Campeador’s men will be served

by theirs in the same way.

Rise and ride onto the field

Heirs of Carrión,

you have no choice

you must fight like men,

for the Campeador’s men

will not lack for anything.

If you win on the field

you will have great honour,

and if you are beaten

put no blame on us,

for everyone knows

you have brought this on yourselves.’

The Heirs of Carrión

now repent

of what they had done

they regret it deeply;

they would have given all Carrión

not to have done it.

The Campeador’s men

all three are armed,

they have gone to see

the King Don Alfonso.

Then the Campeador’s men

said to him:

‘We kiss your hands

as our King and Lord,

be a faithful judge

to-day, between them and us;

aid us with justice

and allow no wrong.

The Heirs of Carrión

have all their kin with them,

we cannot tell

what they may or may not have plotted;

our lord commended us

into your hands;

see that justice is done us

for the love of the Creator!’

Then the King said:

‘With my heart and soul.’

They bring out

their fine swift horses;

they blessed the saddles

and mounted briskly;

the shields with gilded bucklers

are at their necks;

they take up the lances

tipped with sharp steel,

each of the lances

with its pennon;

and all around them

many worthy men.

They rode out on the field

where the markers were set.

The Campeador’s men

are all in agreement,

how each of them

would attack his man.

On the other side

are the Heirs of Carrión,

well accompanied

for they have many kinsmen.

The King appointed judges

to decide what was just and what not,

and commanded that none should dispute
their 'Yes' or their 'No.
When they were in the field
King Alfonso spoke:
'Hear what I have to tell you
Heirs of Carrión:
this fight should have been in Toledo
but you did not wish it so.
These three knights
of my Cid the Campeador,
I have brought in my safe-keeping
to the lands of Carrión.
Now fight justly
and try no trickery,
for if anyone attempts treachery
I am here to prevent it,
and he who tries it shall not be welcome
in all my kingdom.'
The Heirs of Carrión
were much cast down at this.
The judges and the King
pointed out the markers,
then all the spectators went from the field
and stood around it.
They explained clearly
to all six of them,
that he will be judged conquered
who leaves the field's borders.
All who stood about there
then drew back
the length of three lances
beyond the markers.
They drew lots for the ends of the field
the sunlight in each half was the same;
and the judges went from the centre
and they stood face to face:

the Cid's men facing
the Heirs of Carrión,
and the Heirs of Carrión
facing the Campeador's men;
each of them
faced his own opponent;
they hugged their shields
over their hearts,
lowered the lances
wrapped in their pennons,
bent their faces
over their saddle-trees,
dug their spurs
into their horses,
and the earth shook
as they leapt forward.
Each of them is bent
on his own opponent;
three against three
they have come together:
all who stand about
fear they will fall dead.
Pedro Bermúdez
who had made the first challenge,
came face to face
with Fernando González;
and fearlessly
they struck each other's shields.
Fernando González
pierced Don Pedro's shield,
but drove through upon nothing
and touched no flesh,
and in two places
the shaft of his spear snapped.
Pedro Bermúdez remained firm
he was not shaken by this;

he received one blow

he struck another;

burst the shield's buckler

and broke it apart,

cut through it all

nothing withstood him.

drove his lance through to the breast

close to the heart:

Fernando wore three suits of chain-mail

and this saved him.

two folds were pierced

and the third held firm:

but the mail and tunic

with its binding

were driven a hand's breadth

into the flesh,

so that the blood ran

from Fernando's mouth:

and the girth broke

nothing held it,

Fernando was flung to the ground

over the horse's crupper.

It seemed to those who stood there

that he must be dead.

With that Pedro Bermúdez left his lance

and laid hand on his sword,

when Fernando González saw him

and knew Tizón,

he said: 'I am beaten'

without waiting for the blow.

The judges agreed

and Pedro Bermúdez left him.

151

Martín Antolínez defeats Diego

Don Martín and Diego González

struck with their spears,

such were the blows

that both were broken.

Martín Antolínez

set hand on his sword,

it is so bright and clean

that it shines over all the field;

it struck a blow

which caught him from the side,

it split apart

the top of the helmet,

and it broke all

the helmet buckles,

it sheared the head-mail

and to the coif came,

head-mail and coif

it cut through them,

razed the hair of the head

and came to the flesh;

part fell to the field

the rest remained.

When the precious Colada

had struck this blow,

Diego González saw

that he should not escape with his soul;

he drew on the reins of his horse

to turn away,

he had a sword in his hand

but did not use it.

Then Martín Antolínez

struck him with his sword,

a blow with the flat of his sword

not with the edge.

Then the Heir

shouted aloud:

'Bless me, glorious God

Lord, save me from this sword!'

Reining his horse

keeping his distance from the sword,

he went beyond the marker

Don Martín stayed on the field.

Then the King said:

'Come to my side;

with what you have done

you have won the fight.'

The judges agree

that what he says is true.

152

Muño Gustioz defeats Asur González. The father of the Heirs declares the combat won. The Cid's men return cautiously to Valencia. The Cid's joy. The second marriage of the daughters. The bard ends his poem

Two have been defeated

I shall tell you of Muño Gustioz,

and how his fight went

with Asur González.

They struck great blows

on each other's shields.

Asur González

was vigorous and brave,

he struck Muño Gustioz

on the shield,

drove through the shield

and to the armour;

then his lance cut through on nothing
touching no flesh.
When this blow was struck
Muño Gustioz returned another:
he split his shield
at the middle of the buckler;
nothing withstood his stroke
he broke the armour,
he sheared it apart
and, though not close to the heart,
drove the lance and pennon
into the flesh,
so that it came out an arm's length
on the other side,
then he pulled on the lance
and twisted González from his saddle;
when he pulled out the lance
González fell to the ground;
and the spear-shaft was red
and the lance and the pennon.
All fear that González
is mortally wounded.
Muño Gustioz again seized his spear
and stood over him;
González Ansúrez said:
'For the love of God, do not strike him!
The field is won
and the combat is finished!'
The judges said:
'We agree to this.'
The good King Don Alfonso
sent to despoil the field,
he took for himself
the arms that remained there.
The Campeador's men
departed in great honour;

with the aid of the Creator

they had won this fight.

Hearts were heavy

in the lands of Carrión.

The King warned my Cid's men

to leave at night

so that none might attack them

and they have no cause for fear.

They, prudently

ride night and day,

behold they have come to Valencia

to my Cid the Campeador.

They had left in shame

the Heirs of Carrión,

and fulfilled the duty

they owed to their lord;

my Cid the Campeador

was pleased at this.

The Heirs of Carrión

are in deep disgrace.

May whoever injures a good woman

and abandons her afterwards,

suffer as great harm as this

and worse, besides.

Let us leave this matter

of the Heirs of Carrión,

they take no pleasure

in what has befallen them;

let us speak of him

who in good hour was born.

Great are the celebrations

in Valencia the great,

because the Campeador's men

have won great honour.

Ruy Díaz their lord

stroked his beard:

'Praised be the King of Heaven

my daughters are avenged!

Now freed of all debts

is their heritage in Carrión!

I shall marry them now without shame

let it weigh on whom it will.'

The Princes of Navarre and Aragón

continued to urge the marriage,

and all met together

with Alfonso of León;

The wedding is performed

of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol;

the first marriage was noble

but this much more so.

To greater honour he weds them

than was theirs before.

See how he grows in honour

who in good hour was born,

his daughters are wives of the Kings

of Navarre and Aragón.

Now the Kings of Spain

are his kinsmen,

and all advance in honour

through my Cid the Campeador.

My Cid, the lord of Valencia

passed from this world,

on the day of Pentecost

may Christ give him pardon!

And may He pardon us all

both the just and the sinners!

These were the deeds

of my Cid the Campeador;

and in this place

the song is ended.

CELESTINA
OR THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF
CALISTO AND MELIBEA

Attributed to FERNANDO DE ROJAS

Translated with an Introduction by
PHYLLIS HARTNOLL, M.A., L.-ÉS-L.

Here, in a new translation from its original Spanish, is one of the finest early works of European literature, and one which has only once before appeared in English—in 1631, in a version which has long been unobtainable by the ordinary reader. Written towards the end of the fifteenth century, it tells of the secret love-affair of Calisto, a young nobleman of moderate fortune, and Melibea, only child and heiress of a wealthy merchant. Brought face to face by chance, they realize that their love can have no happy ending. The social conditions of the time are against them, and even while they are meeting by stealth, Melibea's father, whom Calisto dare not approach openly with an offer of marriage, is looking for a suitable son-in-law among the rich men of the city.

Repulsed at first by the innocent and inexperienced Melibea, Calisto is forced to seek the help of an old woman well versed in the arts of seduction, Celestina, from whom the book, after it had made its initial impact, took the title by which it is generally known. She is indeed a character drawn larger than life, dwarfing the pimps, prostitutes, and hired bravos who serve her, and even the young lovers, who become puppets in her hands. She overcomes all resistance, surmounts all obstacles, promises nothing that she does not perform. Yet in the end she falls victim to her own vices, as do the ruffians whom she has used for her own ends. Nor does the story, once she has been removed, end happily, for Calisto dies in a stupid accident and Melibea by her own hand.

This lusty, bawdy, realistic book, bursting with vitality, is Elizabethan in its strange mingling of poetic beauty and sordid squalor, as well as in its magnificent flow of words and its fresh, uninhibited portrayal of the jostling crowds of a fifteenth-century Spanish town. It offers us a whole world, alien in some ways to our present civilization, yet containing much of the basic truth of humanity in all ages. It defies classification. Written in dialogue form, it is nevertheless a novel, and must interest all who are students of European fiction. Yet its sprawling length contains the subject-matter of an excellent play—one which has been, as it were, disengaged and staged with great success in modern French and Spanish adaptations; and so it must not be ignored by students of drama. It cannot be pinned down and fitted tidily into the narrow categories of a later critical age. Let it suffice that it deals with people caught in the act of living out their lives, and must therefore appeal to all lovers of life, and so of the literature that best portrays that life.

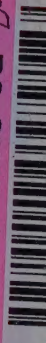
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